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EUROPE IN 1861.

THE dispute with America has naturally diverted attention from domestic and from Continental affairs, and yet it is probable that important changes may be impending both at home and abroad. The present Government so nearly represents the prevalent opinion of the country, that the uncertainty of its tenure of office is not unfrequently forgotten. A general distaste to political innovation has strengthened the party of resistance in almost every constituency, and consequently Opposition candidates have won the greater number of occasional elections; but the bad judgment and unpopularity of the leaders of the party have hitherto neutralized the constant increase in the number of their adherents. Since the accession of the present Government, Lord DERBY has nominally gained votes enough to reverse the narrow majority which drove him from office in 1859; yet, in decisive divisions, his defeats are still incessantly renewed, and two-thirds of the House of Commons really desire to maintain Lord PALMERSTON in power. At the beginning of the last session, the leaders of the Opposition in both Houses gratuitously avowed opinions on Italian policy which were directly opposed to the feelings of the country. It is difficult to suppose that either Lord DERBY or Mr. DISRAELI was impelled by a strong conscientious conviction to denounce the unity and independence of Italy, nor is it easy to understand why they should have attacked the Ministers at the only impregnable point of their position. The explanation of the blunder is probably to be found in Mr. DISRAELI's habitual passion for ostentatious intrigues and transparent mysteries. It was thought that, in the close balance of parties, the Roman Catholic members would be able to determine the majority, and accordingly the maintenance of the POPE's temporal power was proclaimed as a cardinal principle of English policy, in utter neglect of the antipathy with which Ultramontane doctrines are regarded by the bulk of the community. Mr. DISRAELI will probably continue his ingenious mistakes, nor is it likely that Lord DERBY will correct his habitual levity; but, with equal forces, it is almost impossible that some accident should not before long place victory within the reach of the Opposition. If Lord PALMERSTON retains his vigour, his tact and experience may baffle many attempts to overthrow him; but he has Mr. GLADSTONE at his side, as well as Mr. DISRAELI in his front, and the Administration will scarcely survive another fanciful Budget. The extraordinary stagnation of domestic politics during the past year may perhaps render some change or commotion more probable in the next. In twelve months the Government has become neither stronger nor weaker—it has proposed no considerable measure, and it has been exposed to no formidable attack. Its stability still depends on the popularity of its chief, and Lord PALMERSTON's power cannot last for ever.

On the Continent, the wars which were confidently expected at the beginning of last year may not improbably break out in 1862. Events have not kept pace with political prophecy, but they have thus far followed precisely the course which was pointed out by careful observers. Italy and Hungary have still their quarrels with Austria to settle, and both of them are more formidable, in force or in acknowledged right, than when the conflict first was seen to be inevitable. A year ago, FRANCIS II. was still protected by the French fleet in the occupation of Gaeta, and the first Parliament which represented nearly the whole Peninsula had still to meet. The POPE was shortly afterwards exhorted, under Imperial inspiration, to content himself with a palace and a church on the right bank of the Tiber, and already the offers of the Italian nation are becoming far less liberal. The cause of independence has suffered a heavy loss in the death of CAVOUR, but it has also proved that it can survive

its chief promoter. The anarchy which has disturbed the Neapolitan provinces has failed to assume the proportions of a civil war, though it is still not definitely suppressed. The different portions of the newly-formed kingdom are accustoming themselves to be part of a great whole, instead of scattered and insignificant units. The kingdom of Italy has already lasted long enough to obliterate the very thought of a federation, and, if it were forcibly overthrown to-morrow, unity would be to the nation a lost right to be recovered, and not merely a great idea to be realized in an uncertain future. The Government has become strong enough to prevent an unseasonable collision with Austria, although an attempt will be made, sooner or later, to add Venetia to consolidated Italy. War may break out at any moment, but the prospect seemed nearer when the recent successes of GARIBALDI apparently made the question of peace dependent on irresponsible and unauthorized patriotism. It appears not to be the present policy of France to promote European disturbances which might, perhaps, bring accessions of territory, while they would certainly involve fresh financial embarrassments. It may be the interest of Italy to profit by some sudden occasion, and especially by any active display of discontent in Hungary; but, in default of special opportunities, it is better that the kingdom should complete its interior organization, as Piedmont between 1849 and 1859 showed, by a living example, that no intrinsic incapacity debarred Italians from the enjoyment of orderly freedom or of national independence. The attention of England has lately been diverted to matters of more pressing and immediate concern, but no change has taken place in the confidence and good will which have been so well deserved by the Italian Government and nation. Perhaps, in the ensuing session, Mr. DISRAELI himself will recognise, at least by silence, the failure of many a pompous prognostication. Several years have passed since his announcement that Italy was honeycombed by secret societies, and only preserved from utter dissolution by a despotic police with an Austrian army in the background. As the hollow fabric has not yet collapsed, although all its supports have been withdrawn, some new and plausible mystery may as well be substituted for the bugbear which is too faint for the daylight.

At the beginning of 1861, the Hungarians had an experiment to try, which is now thoroughly exhausted. The statesmen who guided them believed neither in the good faith of the House of HAPSBURG nor in the possibility of effecting a reconciliation, while they were themselves determined not even to discuss a compromise. The Austrian Government offered to repair its former injustice, and, with true sagacity, the Hungarians took it at its word. Exiles and agitators assured them that the solution of the problem was obvious beforehand, but they resolved on demonstrating in the face of the world the truth which was perfectly familiar to themselves. They asked for nothing but their undoubted legal rights, and their demand involved the precise concessions which the Austrian Government was determined to refuse. The long and abortive struggle gave the Hungarians an opportunity of remonstrating formally, through the Diet, against encroachments which had been incompletely understood in many foreign countries. Their resistance to usurpation has for a time been suppressed by military force, but the Austrian Court has been compelled to suspend every institution in the country, as the alternative of restoring the constitutional rights which were demanded. The dynasty no longer reigns by any legal title, and since it has been unanimously repudiated by the nation, there can be little doubt that its actual tenure will be brief. It will not be easy to commence an armed resistance, but the defensive force of Hungary, if it were even hastily organized, would be more than a match for all the power of Austria. The war of 1848 showed the military capabilities and resources of the country, and it is highly

improbable that, in any future contest, the Hungarians would be defeated by foreign intervention. Whenever the struggle occurs, English politicians may reasonably regret the inevitable disaster which awaits an old and tenacious ally. It is, however, by her own accumulated faults that Austria has been doomed to destruction, nor can a State which falls to pieces from inherent weakness claim any longer to be regarded as an element in the balance of power.

The discontents of Poland are not likely at present to express themselves in open resistance, and the obscure disturbances which are constantly smouldering in the South-eastern parts of Europe will scarcely assume formidable proportions as long as France and Russia are disposed, for different reasons, to maintain the peace of Europe. One complication has been removed by the withdrawal of the French forces from Syria, and it may be hoped that no compensating danger of misunderstanding may arise from the joint expedition to Mexico. If peace can be preserved with America, the Government has for the present no visible difficulty to apprehend either at home or abroad. Mr. GLADSTONE himself cannot get up another squabble on the paper-duty, and his colleagues have every motive for abstaining from gratuitous innovations. In default of more important topics, the Minute of the Committee of Council on Education promises to furnish an occasion for attacks, of which many are already prepared. The hostility of all the schoolmasters, of all the school-managers, and of nine-tenths of the clergy who really support the schools, is not to be despised by a Government which commands a bare majority. The danger, however, is so obvious, and the object in official eyes so unimportant, that Lord PALMERSTON and Lord GRANVILLE will probably decline the conflict by the offer of some acceptable compromise. The saving of the public revenue, at the expense of disinterested promoters of education, only involves the transfer of a burden from those who ought to bear it to others who have already taken more than their share of expense and labour. The Government Minute can only have been brought forward on conscientious grounds, for it involves a calculable risk to the Ministry, as well as a mass of inevitable odium. The virtuous impulses which prompted the measure have had time to cool, and the hopes of the Opposition will probably be balked by the absence of any opportunity of denouncing the injustice of the change. It will be well if the continuance of peace leaves Parliament at leisure to discuss any topic so safe and unexciting.

#### ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

THE condemnation of the outrage on the *Trent* by foreign Governments will probably furnish the American Government with a means of escape from the existing difficulty. Placed between the ignorant multitude on one side, and the danger of a useless and hopeless war on the other, the PRESIDENT and his Cabinet may take the opportunity of making, in deference to the Emperor of the FRENCH, a concession which they might have been afraid to offer to the injured Power. It will not be difficult to repair the wrong without candidly acknowledging that it has been committed; and if the kidnapped passengers are set at liberty, the English Government, though it may express a just dissatisfaction, will not so far heed verbal insolence as to resent bad breeding and bad feeling by a declaration of war. The drivelling imbecility of Captain WILKES's apology for his violation of the English flag will perhaps have satisfied intelligent minds, even in America, that the act was utterly indefensible; and the conviction may be more safely avowed when it is supported by the decision of impartial European Governments. It will not be impossible for Mr. SEWARD to find, even in M. THOUVENEL's temperate despatch, an excuse for distinguishing between the neutral rights of France and those of England. The argument which is founded on the treaties existing between the French and American Governments is not applicable to the law of the present case, which depends on judicial interpretation of unwritten principles. If the distinction is taken, the release of the prisoners may be represented as an act of favour, and American historians will instruct unborn generations that England has once more been defeated in a diplomatic contest or terrified into abandonment of a peremptory demand. The House of Representatives will, nevertheless, be compelled to retain on its journals the notorious vote of thanks to Captain WILKES, and the New York papers must cease their proscription of suspected citizens who have committed the crime of sending

a few jars of preserves and pickles to improve the diet of the prisoners.

The continuance of peace will not be less welcome to Englishmen because, with the exception of a sour faction, they have unanimously determined on preferring war to acquiescence in wrong. Peacemongers misunderstand their business when they prove that the only result of a contest will be taxation, disgrace, the interruption of commerce, and the loss of Canada. All these dangers the country is prepared to meet by competent preparations and efforts, and the resolution to repel an insult is only confirmed by the menaces of those who profess themselves the devoted adherents of the possible enemy. War will undoubtedly bring with it risks and inconveniences, but it is not easy to understand why sound finances and large armaments should ensure failure in a struggle with an embarrassed and disunited nation. It is a stronger argument against the war, that nothing is to be gained by sacrifices incurred exclusively in obedience to a paramount sense of duty. The American party commits a more or less wilful blunder in supposing that the prevailing dislike of the Federal proceedings involves either deliberate hostility or a desire to punish the innumerable violations of decency which are every day committed by the Northern Press and Government. The organ of the faction suggested a day or two ago, through a Paris correspondent, that the act of the *Nashville* in scuttling the *Harvey Birch*, was committed in pursuance of a previous understanding between the Confederate captain and some of the English Ministers. If disaffection and prejudice were capable of listening to reason, it might be worth while to explain that English statesmen are not in the habit of conspiring with foreign officers, and that no possible advantage to the Government could arise from a quarrel with the Northern States. Canada would probably be defended with success, if not with ease; but England has nothing to ask in peace, or to gain in war, from the Power which is now only required to disavow and repair an intolerable injury. It is not even true that any active sympathy is felt for the Southern Confederacy, though it would be at once relieved from pressure by a war between the United States and England. The existence of slavery is an impediment to cordial co-operation, nor is it forgotten that the Democrats and their Southern allies formerly vied with the Republicans of the North in venal and factious vituperation of the much-enduring English nation. It is highly probable that, in the event of a rupture, the Democratic party would make a desperate effort to patch up the Union, under the pretext of common enmity to England, in the hope of defeating their hated Republican antagonists. It is, indeed, hardly possible that the South should join in a war which would be undertaken for the retention in custody, as rebels, of two of its principal citizens and authorized agents. As, however, foreign war would practically suspend, or terminate, the domestic contest, little active support could be expected from the Confederate forces, although Northern orators would denounce England as the principal support of rebellion and slavery. It would be more satisfactory to watch as neutrals the progress and natural termination of an enterprise which still seems to bystanders impracticable, if not suicidal.

Nothing has yet occurred to modify the opinion which has, from the commencement of the war, been entertained by dispassionate foreigners. The Federal army has not advanced, the finances are falling into confusion, and the councils of Washington are every day more distracted. Mr. CAMERON, after getting rid of General FREMONT, who might have been a rival Abolitionist leader, has now placed himself in antagonism to the PRESIDENT, as the champion of forcible emancipation. The Report of the War Department contained in its first draft a recommendation to confiscate and liberate the slaves of rebels, and in this form copies of the document were sent to the principal newspapers. When Mr. LINCOLN prudently excluded the entire passage from the official Report, Mr. CAMERON allowed his original opinions to be published at length in the papers. At the same time General HALLECK, lately appointed to the Western command by Mr. CAMERON himself, has been censured by the House of Representatives for his alleged cruelty in not allowing fugitive slaves to find protection in his lines. It would seem that the only security against a ruinous internal quarrel is found in the compulsory absence of the Federal troops from almost all the territory where slavery exists. Numerous expeditions into the heart of the seceding States are every day announced; but, except on the coast of Georgia, the Northern troops have made no



impression since the beginning of the campaign on the Confederate dominions. In Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee the war has lately appeared to stagnate, and General M'CLELLAN's army, satisfied with covering Washington from attack, appears about to hut itself for the winter on the banks of the Potomac. As the numbers of that army are enormous, and as its discipline must undoubtedly have improved, the helplessness of the Federal commanders up to the present time does not, perhaps, absolutely prove the impossibility of reducing the South in a future campaign. It is still conceivable that, notwithstanding the vigorous resistance which has been offered, Captain MAURY and other Southern citizens are mistaken when they assert that the population is unanimous in its determination to resist to the last. If the Confederates should, after all, unexpectedly prove to be boastful cowards, the promises of the Federal politicians to their countrymen may still be fulfilled. On the other hand, it may be confidently asserted that, with their present forces, backed by the mass of the people, the Confederate leaders may defy the power of any army which the North can put in motion.

Even for the purpose of continuing the war on its present scale, the SECRETARY of the TREASURY requires an immediate loan of forty millions sterling, to be increased by more than a hundred millions in addition if the conflict lasts till the summer of 1863. The sums which have been borrowed are sufficiently large to show the confidence of the country in the Government; but a serious inroad has already been made on the available savings of the population. It is scarcely probable that the new loan will be raised at so low a rate as seven or seven and a-half per cent.; and Mr. CHASE is forced to devise measures for procuring money without paying any interest for its use. The project of substituting a Government paper currency for the circulation of the banks may possibly be in itself an improvement, but, as a fiscal measure, it amounts to a special tax on the banks, or rather to a confiscation of their profits. A Government which can float a paper circulation borrows the amount which it represents without interest; but the same advantage is at present enjoyed by the banks of issue, and every dollar which the State gains by a change of system is lost to the shareholders, who in this case are the trading classes of the different towns. It is certain that so partial and oppressive a scheme cannot be carried out in the middle of a war which already presses severely on the owners of provincial bank stock. Whatever devices financiers may contrive, it will be found at last that nothing can come of nothing. When the State, requires money, the funds must come out of the pockets of lenders or of taxpayers, and both classes of contributors are quick in detecting any attempt to conceal the nature of the proceeding. The unfortunate SECRETARY of the TREASURY also proposes to resort to an Income-tax, which, unless it is assessed on all the States in proportion to their population, is directly forbidden by the Constitution. As Mr. CHASE has not even proposed to apportion the burden according to the fundamental law, it may be presumed that he foresees the legal objection which would be founded on the necessary exemption of the seceding States. It is possible that the Bill may be passed, but extremely unlikely that the tax will be paid. Congress has already refused to tax tea and sugar, because the object of the impost would be revenue, and not protection. On the whole, it appears that the Federal States will be forced to discontinue their attempts at conquering the South through the impossibility of finding the money.

#### ITALY.

**B**OTH the friends and the enemies of Italy have long been well aware that the time to test the real value and stability of the new order of things would only come after the great excitement of success had faded away, and when the Italians had to confront the burdens, the difficulties, and the anxieties of what is henceforth to be their ordinary condition. That time has now come; for although, with Venice and Rome still unwon, and the great question of the relations of the Church and the State still unsettled, much of the future of Italy is still hidden behind a veil, yet enough has been done, and things have begun to flow on in a channel sufficiently definite, to prove whether the Italians are equal to the work that lies before them. On the whole, it may safely be said that they are getting on very well. They have a great many troubles to surmount and a great many failures to de-

plore, but they show the world that there is a way by which safety may be attained, and they succeed far oftener than they fail. When a country has recently passed through a revolution, and has assumed a position and dignity hitherto denied it, we want to know more especially whether it has wealth and military power and a capacity of self-government adequate to maintain what it has won. In all these points the accounts from Italy are satisfactory to those who do not expect that even in Italy the sky will always be blue and the air always balmy. In the first place, Italy is growing rapidly rich, and she is using her rising wealth to bear with fortitude and meet with promptitude the taxes which her increased expenditure renders absolutely necessary. The Minister of Finance has just presented his Budget, and announces that the deficit for the current year will be about six millions, of which he proposes to balance five millions and a half by the proceeds of new taxes. It must make the mouth of an Austrian financier water to dream of a state of things going on just over the border in which a deficit is at once met by new taxes, readily voted, cheerfully paid, and easily borne. There can be no doubt that, if there is no check to the development of the resources of Italy, a much heavier taxation than even that which she will now be called on to bear could be endured without real suffering. Italy is teeming with wealth, which has hitherto been locked up because the means of locomotion have been wanting, because a sense of insecurity has tempted every one to hoard, and because the petty Governments that occupied the greater portion of her territory were far too supine and jealous to take up any large schemes of national improvement. Now railways are being pushed on with the greatest rapidity. The Government is wise enough to give terms that attract foreign capital, and the people are beginning to look for the best market for their overflowing stores. The South hitherto has cost much more than it has brought in; but as things become settled there, and the attention of the people is turned to making the most of the vast natural resources they possess, the Two Sicilies will be able to throw their mite into the treasury. If the late King of NAPLES, with one of the most atrocious governments in the world, a countless legion of monks infesting the soil, and the certainty of a smash coming sooner or later, could manage to keep up a fleet, an army of a hundred thousand men, and a Court, and put by millions on millions as a nest-egg for himself, a good, secure, cheap Government must be able to get out of Naples its fair share of the national expenses.

In their preparations for war, and in their military organization, the Italians are also making a fair amount of progress. All is not bright even there, for although they fully, as a body, acknowledge the truth of the EMPEROR's saying, that if they wish to be free citizens they must first be soldiers, yet they have much bad material to deal with, and many bad habits to eradicate. It is evident that, in spite of all the trouble taken with them, the ex-Bourbon troops will never be good for anything. They have been drilled and reviewed, and coaxed and punished in the North, till, if there had been a spark of virtue in them, it must have been drawn out. But all has been in vain, and they could not be trusted in the hour of danger. There have also been numerous desertions from the Italian army, and some of the old subjects of the petty Dukes have even gone over to the Austrians, rather than stay to have their life made a burden by endless drill and constant hardships. But there is much to set against these partial shortcomings. GARIBALDI can any day, by the mere magic of his name, raise any number of volunteers, who, if very inferior to regular troops, are greatly superior to the sulky brigands of the Neapolitan army, or to the runaways who hate campaigning, and look with fond regret to the good old days when little sham princes kept up little sham armies. And—what is of more importance because it was once more doubtful—we now know that GARIBALDI not only can but will keep his volunteers in check until the sign for a general struggle is given by those to whom it properly belongs to determine when the fighting shall begin. The party of movement has apparently learnt to be satisfied with the often repeated announcement of the oracle of Caprera, that the day for action is just going to dawn. The nation generally is also gaining courage and self-reliance. Even in the South, an unwonted energy is showing itself. The National Guard have given themselves real trouble and encountered real danger in pursuit of the brigands; and if the South of Italy could but learn to be at once loyal and bold, or even if there

were a reliable amount of loyalty and boldness to be found in a fraction of the population, that one gain would alone outweigh the loss of whole regiments of wavering Modenese. It is, moreover, quite an exception to find anything like backwardness or repentance in the North. The vast mass of the people in Modena, as everywhere else, are ready to bear everything and to brave everything; and they go through the hardships of military service with a readiness and a patience which astonishes those who, a year or two ago, were perfectly certain that no genuine Italian was fit to do anything more laborious than bask in the sun or play at dominoes in a café.

The bitterest enemies of Italy must allow that the Parliament has lately displayed great sense and moderation, and that a perception of national dangers, and an anxiety for the national honour and for the success of the common cause, have inspired a forbearance singular in an impulsive people, and a unanimity singular in a people divided by traditional jealousies for centuries. There is an opposition to the Ministry, so far as free criticism on their measures goes; but when they ask for a formal approval of what they have done, or call for definite support, there is an overwhelming vote in their favour. Baron RICASOLI's foreign policy has been sanctioned, although he certainly has not brought the nation to its capital, or blown down the walls of the Quadrilateral with the blast of his trumpet; and although his offer to abandon all control over the nomination of the bishops was strongly censured by the fiercer enemies of the Papacy. The Budget, with its five millions and a half of new taxation, was welcomed with acclamations, and adopted at once in its general principles, because it was felt that the readiness of the vote was the proper complement to the boldness of the financial scheme, as a means of proving to Europe the ease and cheerfulness with which Italy can bear the burden she has chosen to impose on herself. The only serious cause of apprehension is the weakness of the Ministry in the discharge of its ordinary duties. This is not exactly the fault of any one. No one is prepared to see Baron RICASOLI turned out of office, and yet no one of eminence will share his fortunes. The Ministry is in want of Ministers. The truth is, that Ministers just at present have to play a very disagreeable part. They have to steer a very nice course between centralizing too much and not centralizing enough—between over-governing, and leaving Italy a mosaic of disconnected fragments. Looked at generally, their policy seems even in Italy to be pronounced the right one. They quarrelled with CIALDINI rather than treat Naples as a separate province an hour longer than was necessary; and, on the other hand, the Romagnese complain that they are left too much to themselves. The main object of Baron RICASOLI is to make Italy one in reality as well as in name; but as he has no unionist machinery ready at hand, he is obliged to trust to the loyal provinces to work out the general idea in conjunction with him, and even without him if other cares prevent his assisting them. Considering the difficulties he has to encounter, this is perhaps all that he could possibly do; and the Italians do not ostensibly blame him. But in the daily conduct of affairs this imperfect carrying out of a general conception leads to great embarrassment, and individual Ministers are teased and worried and blamed because they do not or cannot bring their own departments into better order. Consequently, men of distinction are little disposed to incur unpopularity, and perhaps the reputation of failure, by taking office while the exact position of the central Government is so imperfectly defined. Directly, however, this reluctance to take office threatens to produce any very bad consequences, we may hope it will be overcome. The more eminent statesmen of the country will then be called upon by the nation to do their duty, and, unless they are false to all their past history, they will respond to the appeal. Whether Baron RICASOLI retains office is comparatively immaterial, so long as there are competent men to succeed him, who will make a sacrifice to duty if a sacrifice is needed, and as long as the Parliament—on whose support every Ministry must depend—understands its responsibility as well as that which is now sitting appears to do.

#### THE FINANCIAL POSITION OF THE UNITED STATES.

**A** MERICAN genius can extract food for national complacency out of the most unpromising circumstances; and we need therefore feel no astonishment at the satisfaction

with which some of the most extravagant New York journals affect to regard Mr. CHASE's financial report. "The financial pluck of the North," and "Our National Debt to be one thousand millions," make very striking sensations headings; but whether the grave men of commerce will be equally inclined to throw up their hats in delight at the prospect of financial difficulties on a scale quite beyond the rivalry of the most extravagant European States, is a little questionable. Already, notwithstanding the present abundance of coin, there are hints of a suspension of specie payments by the banks—and not without reason; for, even apart from the contingency of a foreign war, the continuance of the present struggle threatens to exhaust the resources of the Northern States long before their enormous and costly levies will have snatched a single State from the Southern Confederacy. The tale which Mr. CHASE has to tell of the past, and the predictions in which he indulges for the future, make the extravagances of a NAPOLEON appear the merest bagatelles, and yet it is by no means certain that the event will not prove far beyond anything which the Financial Secretary of the United States has ventured to indicate. It is not easy to guess beforehand at the cost of warlike operations; and the contrast between the estimates which Mr. CHASE presented just six months ago, and the actual experience which has filled up the sketch, is so monstrous that one can feel very little confidence that the liabilities of the Union, if the war continues until 1863, will be limited even to the enormous sum of 180,000,000*l.*, to which Mr. CHASE expects them to amount.

In July last, after the enterprise of subjugating the seceding States had been fairly entered upon, the official estimate of expenditure for the next twelve months was little more than 60,000,000*l.* Of this sum, Mr. CHASE expected to raise 16,000,000*l.* by taxation, and looked to loans to make up the rest. The experience of the first half of his financial year has forced on him the conviction that the customs, which were estimated at more than 11,000,000*l.*, will only produce about 6,000,000*l.*, and that the total revenue from taxation will be between ten and eleven millions sterling. Even of this paltry sum, 4,000,000*l.* will depend on the co-operation of the States in collecting the direct tax which exists at present merely in the shape of an abstract resolution of Congress. With a doubtful income of some 10,000,000*l.*, the Northern States have therefore been carrying on a war at the cost, even according to Mr. CHASE's present estimates for the year ending in July, 1862, of 108,000,000*l.*—that is to say, ten per cent. of the expenditure has been provided for by income; and it was left to the ingenuity of Mr. CHASE to raise nearly 100,000,000*l.* on credit in some shape or other. How he has prospered in this undertaking his Report shows. Something was done by paying Government creditors partly in bank-notes, payable on demand, and partly by two-years' notes, carrying six per cent. interest. Pressing immediate necessities were supplied by discounting bills at sixty days' date; but all these contrivances only covered a tenth part of the deficit, and there still remained between 80,000,000*l.* and 90,000,000*l.* to be met by a permanent loan. Foreign assistance was soon found to be out of the question, and the State Banks have as yet furnished less than 30,000,000*l.* at upwards of seven per cent. Nearly 60,000,000*l.* remain to be borrowed to keep the Federal Government solvent until next Midsummer, of which loan 40,000,000*l.* has not yet even received the sanction of Congress. Where this money is to come from Mr. CHASE does not venture to hint, except that he seems to reckon on a further sum of 10,000,000*l.*, which the Associated Banks have retained the option, without incurring the obligation, of advancing on the old terms, as if it had already been paid into the Federal Treasury. The extent to which the Banks may go in assisting the Government will depend mainly on the readiness of the general public to relieve them of the loan; but, up to the present time, the people have not taken more than seven or eight millions off the hands of the Banks. A suspension of specie payments might largely increase the power of the Banks to give the currency of their own manufacture in exchange for Government obligations, and it is not unlikely that some such expedient may before long be adopted to lead in due course to the old device of national assignats; but it is clear that the vast sums required, even for the current year, cannot be supplied without a much more eager demand for Treasury notes than exists at present, or else a very largely increased measure of taxation.

But all these immediate difficulties, formidable as we should think them, are trifles compared with what Mr.



CHASE has in store for the following year. Being, of course, master of his own conjectural figures, he assumes that the second year of war will cost less than the first, and puts his estimate rather below 100,000,000*l.* By increased customs, and a few indirect taxes, he hopes to bring the revenue up to 19,000,000*l.*, leaving 75,000,000*l.* to be defrayed by another loan. The result of all this, by July 1863—supposing the war to be concluded or abandoned by that time—will be a respectable national debt of 180,000,000*l.*, or more probably 200,000,000*l.*, contracted as the price of little more than two years' objectless campaigning, and supported by a revenue which, after providing for the ordinary peace expenditure, may possibly leave four or five millions to cover charges for the public debt of three times that amount. Such being the actual proposals of the Financial Secretary, it must be very assuring to prudent Americans to learn how thoroughly orthodox Mr. CHASE's principles are on the subject of taxation. "Reflection," he gravely observes, "has only confirmed his opinion that adequate provision by taxation for ordinary expenditures, for prompt payment of interest on the public debt existing and authorized, and for the gradual extinction of the principal, is indispensable to a sound system of finance." Mr. GLADSTONE himself could not preach better; only there is this difference—that in the last war Mr. GLADSTONE made us divide the burden, share and share alike, between ourselves and posterity, while Mr. CHASE makes no real provision by taxation even for the interest of the enormous sums which he proposes to borrow.

A financial statement of such a character as this would have put an end to all hopes of a foreign loan if any ground for them had ever existed, but the native holders of a considerable Government Stock have some sort of security for payment of their dividends in the fact that they form one of the most powerful sections of the governing body. A home debt, especially if large and in the hands of a great multitude of holders, could not be easily repudiated at any time, and it is possible that the people of the Northern States, relying on this kind of security, may be willing to advance much larger sums than it would be safe for any one else to do. But supposing the amplest confidence to be maintained, it would try the resources of wealthier countries than the United States to furnish 100,000,000*l.* a year for the destructive expenditure of war. The boundless riches of the people may form a good topic for a paragraph in a financial report, and no one doubts that the States on the Atlantic seaboard have very considerable means to devote to an insane war, or to any other project on which they may for the time be bent. Still, if Mr. CHASE may be trusted not to have underrated his resources, an income-tax of 3*l.* per cent. will realize no more than 2,000,000*l.*, or about a quarter of what a similar tax produces here. If this may be taken as any sort of test of the relative wealth of the two countries, a rough idea of the strain which is being put on the financial strength of the Northern Americans may be formed by supposing this country to be engaged in a war which required loans four times as heavy as those which the United States are asked to bear and their capitalists to advance. Could England, even with a revenue of 80,000,000*l.*, support by any devices an expenditure of 400,000,000*l.* a year without foreign aid? And is it at all more easy for the Northern States, with a revenue under 20,000,000*l.*, to bear an outlay of 100,000,000*l.* a year? When the present contest will end it would be idle to predict, but it may safely be said that it cannot go on very long without causing the utter prostration of one or both of the contending parties. And it is with such financial prospects as Mr. CHASE has disclosed that a war with England seems to be courted by the chosen leaders of the Northern democracy. The first week of hostilities would annihilate the customs duties, which form three-fourths of Mr. CHASE's little revenue; and the burden of two wars, for which Mr. CAMERON absurdly boasts that he could bring three million men into the field, would fall upon a country whose whole annual revenue would not suffice, after the first year, to pay a month's interest on the accumulated debt. If there is any truth in the old maxim that victory ultimately sides with the longest purse, it would be prudent for the Federal Government to husband its resources for the work which is already on its hands, without attempting two impossibilities at once.

One temporary resource is always available for distressed States. The South has carried on the war upon a currency which their Northern enemies contemptuously describe as shin-plasters, and to these shin-plasters Mr. CHASE himself

must soon have recourse. In his Report, he calculates that the coin in the Northern States approaches in value 60,000,000*l.*; and all this he flatters himself might be appropriated as a loan without interest by the substitution of a paper circulation. Tempting as the prospect seems, Mr. CHASE affects to reject it—nominally for a variety of very sound reasons, really because he cannot venture to split with the Banks which furnish the present paper currency of the country. What he proposes is this compromise—to permit the private issues to continue, but to compel the Banks to sustain their notes by an equivalent reserve in United States stock. It so happens that this obligation already exists in the State of New York, and the blow would not fall upon the particular Banks to which the Government looks for aid. The national credit would at the same time be assisted by the artificial demand created for Federal securities. This indirect benefit would go but a small way to relieve the difficulties of the Treasury, and even this is clearly impracticable. The Government must pay its army and its contractors in some way, and when coin fails, it will do so—and indeed has already begun to do so—by issuing Treasury bank-notes payable on demand. The amount of this issue will grow with the necessities of the war, and the next inevitable step will be to suspend payment of these notes for want of cash, and thus to establish an inconvertible national currency. The remonstrances of the Banks will be unavailing in face of the irresistible compulsion of circumstances; the supply of further loans from the Bank Association will be stopped; and when the bullion circulation has been completely displaced by the new notes, there will be an end of the resource and the course of depreciation will commence. Where it will end all history can tell us, and the United States promise to run through the old road to ruin at a pace which has never been approached by the most extravagant despotism or the wildest democracy which the world has yet seen.

#### THE BALLOT SUPERSTITION.

IT might be a curious psychological problem to define the exact place which Vote by Ballot occupies in the minds of the champions of human progress, and to analyse the elements of which that singular superstition is composed. To a hasty outside observer of our borough election contests, Ballot must seem to be the one thing in which the faith of the ultra-Liberal party is at once unanimous, unwavering, and enthusiastic. Ballot appears to be the constant quantity in the creed of Radicalism—that which alone survives the chances and changes that overtake all human things, and which successfully resists all the modifying influences of time, place, and circumstance. The question of Short Parliaments is one on which a candidate is sometimes allowed to escape unpledged. The extension of the suffrage is a matter of degree, on which a certain convenient latitude is usually permitted. Retrenchment is of course always a safe topic to a patriot who understands the use of qualifying adjectives. But it requires extraordinary courage for a Liberal politician to avow an unorthodox doubt of the virtues of the Ballot-box, and it is only by rare good fortune that he can hope to pass muster if his lips refuse to utter the all-essential Shibboleth. We have seen several borough contests within the past few weeks in different parts of the country, and they all exhibit this common feature. The Radicalism of Birkenhead presents local diversities from the Radicalism of Carlisle, and Finsbury has idiosyncrasies which broadly distinguish it from Nottingham; but at Birkenhead, Carlisle, Finsbury, and Nottingham alike it is evidently considered the regular thing for the Friend of the People to swear eternal and uncompromising fealty to the wooden idol of the Ballot-mongers. There are cases in which personal popularity, political eminence, or local influence may enable a man to refuse with impunity compliance with this singular ceremony; but these cases are exceptional. As a rule, we should not recommend a Liberal candidate who desires a quiet life and a sure seat to intimate the slightest scruple about this item of the prescribed hustings ritual.

This is certainly, in more ways than one, an extremely odd phenomenon. The article of faith which is thus imposed on one reluctant proselyte after another, and which few have the manliness (like Lord LINCOLN at Nottingham) openly to reject, is, one would think, about the very last that popular constituencies, if left to themselves, would be eager to insist upon. The sacred right of voting in the dark does not seem, on the first blush of the thing, a particularly attractive or

soul-inspiring doctrine. One would not expect, *a priori*, to find the free-born British elector enthusiastic about the privilege of keeping his political opinions a close secret from all mankind, and giving a covert vote for a candidate for whom he dares not speak above his breath. It is possible to understand how a political philosopher in his study—a MILL or a GROTE—may arrive by process of logic, aided by a student's natural dislike for the coarse and noisy publicity of the hustings, at a conclusion in favour of that mode of voting which appears in theory best calculated to eliminate extraneous influences from the exercise of the suffrage, and to extract the real private opinion of each individual voter. But political philosophy and logic are little to the taste of the ten-pounder, and exaggerated devotion to a *doctrinaire* crotchet is not an ordinary failing of the British elector's mind. For our own part, it never was our fortune to be acquainted with a single borough voter who combined a fervid interest in the success of a particular candidate or party with a nervous anxiety lest his opinions should be known; and the class, if it exists, cannot be a large one. Moreover, this Ballot-worship exhibits none of the outward signs of a genuine and living popular faith. Its ostensible votaries are numerous and not inactive, but, after all, they take matters very coolly. They seem quite contented to exact from candidates a periodical submission to the ceremonial in that case made and provided, without greatly troubling themselves whether anything ever comes of it. Few of them, we suppose, seriously believe that, at the rate matters are going at present, they will ever live to see the actual realization of a theory which had a far larger amount of educated opinion in its favour a quarter of a century ago than it can show now; yet it does not appear that they are in the least dissatisfied with an ill-fortune which seems to be taken for granted. We never perceive the slightest trace of popular resentment or disappointment at the unvarying defeat of a project which the Legislature persists in treating with unfeigned disrespect. Year by year, one of the dullest of Parliamentary jesters brings contempt on the thesis which once boasted the philosophic advocacy of Mr. GROTE; yet nobody complains that the sacred cause has fallen into bad hands. It is evidently considered just as much a matter of course that Mr. BERKELEY'S annual Ballot motion should be annually rejected, with or without the formality of a debate, as that every Liberal candidate should be worried (if possible) into declaring his cordial adhesion to a dogma which he probably detests. Uniform and unredeemed failure neither arouses indignation, nor stimulates zeal, nor suggests new modes of appealing to public feeling and opinion. The only single novelty that has been imported, within our recollection, into a matter which it would be absurdly inappropriate to call an "agitation," or even a "movement," is the wonderful discovery that England ought to take lessons in the art and science of government from the youngest and rawest of her colonies. The American precedent having unluckily ceased to be quotable, we are now exhorted to listen to the voice of constitutional wisdom and experience that comes to us from Sydney and Melbourne. The other day, a meeting was actually convened by the Ballot Society to hear a gentleman from New Brunswick recount the admirable effects of the nostrum in that great and enlightened country, where it has been tried at one election. How well the promoters of the project understand the public feeling which they seek to influence may be judged from the fact that, with a nice sense of decorum, they selected Monday last as a fitting day for their little demonstration. A unanimous and enthusiastic auditory of exactly six persons testified to the breathless interest with which the nation regards the last new revelation of the constitutional virtues of underhand voting.

The simple fact is, this Ballot business is neither more nor less than a decaying idolatry, which owes half its power to the cowardice of the unwilling converts on whom it is forced, and the other half to the mere *vis inertiae* of use and wont. Like other idolatries, it is ferociously intolerant; and, like other forms of intolerance, it breeds an enormous amount of hypocrisy. It is inconceivable that the glib profession of faith which is periodically extorted from a hundred and fifty respectable English gentlemen, under penalty of instant martyrdom, can represent, in the majority of cases, a sincere and deliberate preference for a mode of voting alien to the English character, and at variance with the whole spirit of English political life. Nevertheless it seems to be quite a thing of course that an average Liberal candidate, seeking the suffrages of an average Liberal constituency, should bow down and worship what is

really little else than a fossil relic of the Radicalism of a past generation. There does not appear to be any use in doing the thing by halves. It may be possible, under favouring circumstances, to escape the threatened martyrdom by that frank and courageous resistance which wins the sympathy of free minds; but trimmers and waverers may expect the fate which they deserve. Mr. BRASSEY tried hard the other day at Birkenhead to propitiate the Ballot-mongers by promising to give his days and nights to the study of the question, and by accepting support given on the express understanding that his ultimate conversion to the true faith was more than probable; but he only lost his election, without saving his independence. Perhaps it may be worth the consideration of Liberal politicians whose zeal for progress is something better than a cant, whether it would not be well to run risks and brave sacrifices for the sake of emancipating themselves and their party from a degrading bondage. It really does not strike one as hopelessly impossible, in the nature of things, for a man of spirit and ability to convince even an average body of English electors that neither they nor he can have anything to gain by the exchange of vows for the adoption of a particular mechanical contrivance which might or might not be found effectual for an object of dubious moral value. The number of Englishmen who are seriously anxious to obtain facilities for the concealment of their opinions is, after all, very limited; and it may perhaps be found practicable, by a prudent boldness, to conciliate popular confidence and support without undertaking to gratify their eccentric and exceptional taste. Meanwhile, we may be permitted, in the name of those Liberal principles which are so strangely travestied by professional patriots, to protest against that form of "progress" which consists in the systematic interchange of tyrannical exaction and insincere compliance.

#### INTERNATIONAL FICTIONS.

WE have the right to claim credit from the bitterest enemies of England for one peculiarity which has distinguished the arguments of Englishmen on the *Trent* case. No one writer in this country has declined to allow the basis of the controversy to be limited by the admissions which have been made by the present and former English Governments. Had we insisted on tying down the Americans to the solemn statements of International Law published to the world by their own Presidents, with the strongest approbation of their whole people, our plea for justice, powerful as it is now almost beyond example, would have been absolutely and entirely irresistible. Again, had we thought it worth while to anticipate the expected resistance of Mr. SEWARD by a mere *argumentum ad hominem*, we could have turned to his speeches on the claim of English officers to visit American ships suspected of slave-trading, and might have gathered from them a perfect mine of arguments against the Right of Search even as a belligerent privilege. But, though there would have been nothing inappropriate or unusual in our inviting the authors of this trespass on our sovereignty to justify their violent acts by their own principles, we have never called upon them to do so, or, at all events, have never confined ourselves to such a claim. We have never attempted to throw Lord STOWELL overboard, though, with all his great merits, he can scarcely be called a European authority; nor have we repudiated the most questionable acts of the PRINCE REGENT'S Government, though it has been notorious throughout the world for almost half a century that we should never have dreamed of again imitating its practice. Far the most striking instance, however, of our readiness to submit to the consequences of our own admissions has been the fairness with which we have adhered to our recognition of belligerent rights both in the North and the South. In all that has been written since the seizure of the Southern Envoys was known in this country, we do not remember a sentence, even in the humblest periodicals, in which the United States have been twitted with their loud and repeated denials that they are really belligerents in their relation to International Law. The English Government has admitted their belligerent character, and everybody in England has been satisfied to admit that they have therefore belligerent rights. But foreign nations, more interested in the general state of Public Law than in the point immediately at issue, have not failed to observe the extent to which the question of the legality of Captain



WILKES's proceeding is affected by the extraordinary ambiguity of the position assumed by the Americans, in at once claiming the rights of war and denying that they are at war at all—in such a sense, that is to say, that jurists and foreigners can take any notice of their condition. This is one of the principal arguments used by the French Minister of Foreign Affairs in a despatch which has been communicated to all the Governments of Europe.

It is necessary to observe that there is one point involved in the "ambiguous belligerency" of the Americans which cannot be evaded simply for the sake of making English arguments the stronger. It constitutes, in fact, the true ultimate reason why it is altogether impossible to give way to the United States, and the reason is one which retains its cogency after all possible concessions have been made to Captain WILKES's apologists. Let us assume, for the sake of argument, that the Americans are right in every step of the only course of reasoning open to them, neglecting for the moment the fact that every one of these steps has just been declared to be untenable by the only European jurist of great reputation who can pretend to entire impartiality, M. HAUTEFEUILLE. Let us allow that a postal vessel on her passage from neutral port to neutral port can be stopped and searched. Let us admit that contraband of war can be taken from her without the decision of a Prize Court. Let us assume that the principles of law applicable to things may be transferred to persons, and let us extend the doubtful dicta of Lord STOWELL from military officers to civilians. Conceding all these more than disputed points, permitting the Americans to go on every one of them to the very extremity of right, can we still allow Mr. MASON and Mr. SLIDELL to remain in the hands of their Northern captors? If we do so, it can only be on the understanding that the whole of the Law of Nations will take its course, and that it will not be suddenly interrupted or departed from at some particular stage. We must be perfectly sure, in short, that the Southern Envoys, if they remain as captives, will be treated as International Law requires *prisoners of war* to be treated. In that event, we know that their condition will not be absolutely intolerable. A prisoner of war cannot be injured or molested, so long as he does not attempt to escape. It is a grave reproach to any Government not to maintain him in the comfort natural to his station in life at home. All that can be done with him is to detain him in safe custody, ready to be released as soon as an exchange is negotiated or hostilities come to an end. But how can the ordinary expectations sanctioned by International Law be entertained with respect to Messrs. MASON and SLIDELL? It is not certain that they will not be put to hard labour—it is not certain that they will not be hanged. The Northern Americans, at the same moment that they claim to take passengers from the deck of a friendly vessel in virtue of their belligerent rights, are preparing to execute the crew of a Southern privateer for piracy, on the ground that neither they nor their enemies are belligerents at all. The Southern Government, on the other hand, will certainly retaliate by putting to death an equivalent number of their own prisoners, if the crew of the *Savannah* are executed; and the Federal House of Representatives has already had before it a proposal to answer these reprisals by visiting them on the persons of the Envoys captured in the *Trent*. Such a prospect renders it simply impossible to let the Envoys remain where they are. The vilest domestic or foreign calumniator of the British people has never hinted that it would have the infinite meanness to allow the Law of Nations to be most harshly applied against it up to a certain point, and then, after that point had been reached, to acquiesce in this same law being set aside to its own everlasting dishonour.

Although the Americans may be suffered to enjoy in this controversy the advantage of that national pride which forbids Englishmen to retreat from positions once taken up by the trustees of national rights, it is ridiculous to suppose that they can be permitted to occupy a purely artificial standing-ground for the purpose of branding the British name with permanent disgrace. It is equally absurd to imagine that foreign nations, who are interested not in the quarrel itself but in the precedent it is likely to create, will tolerate the legal fiction which the United States seek to push to such extravagant consequences. When it comes, they will say, to requiring neutrals to surrender men who have sought their protection, let them at least be sure that you are belligerents or not belligerents. Give them at least the assurance that,

should your arguments drive them to admitting that an unarmed passenger may be viewed in the same light as a cask of gunpowder, he will be no worse treated than the Dutch Generals whom the English Judge you quote considered to be liable to capture. Neutral nations are the natural guardians of International Law; and France, Austria, Russia, and Prussia are, in spite of all their jealousies, not so blind to the interests of civilization that they will suffer the common law of the world to be discredited by worse absurdities than ever infested any system of civil jurisprudence. Very slight knowledge of the history of International Law will show that the admission of the American pretensions involves a recoil towards barbarism. The grand distinction between the modern International Code and that jurisprudence of the ancient world from which it is chiefly descended, is that the newer law never did regard Persons as Things. The Roman captive was really property. He could be sold as a slave, or put to death; but amid the wildest confusions of the middle ages, human beings were always regarded as clothed with a dignity which Greek and Roman had never attributed to them. The argument, therefore, which, on behalf of the Americans, transfers to persons the whole doctrine of contraband of war, may be justly charged with ignoring the very advantage of Christian over heathen civilization which showed itself earliest in modern history. A similarly retrograde tendency is betrayed by the next stage of the American reasoning. Through all the later history of the Law of Nations, one Right has been gaining in sacredness—the Right of Asylum. The least civilized of European nations feel the shame of suffering it to be violated. Even the Russians, during the last Hungarian war, refused to let the Austrians execute the prisoners taken by themselves; and, when the Austrians endeavoured to cajole or bully Turkey into neglecting it, all Europe protested against the attempt with indignation. It has been reserved for the youngest of great commonwealths to demand the sacrifice of this Right, with every possible circumstance of aggravation.

#### FRENCH FINANCE.

THE interest of the financial debate in the French Senate is almost entirely confined to M. FOULD's general reply. Some of the Senators, while they supported the project which was submitted to their approval, expressed doubts whether the Imperial prerogative had not been unduly weakened. M. TROPLONG, on the other hand, took care to prove, in his preliminary Report, that no constitutional change had been introduced, and that it was not intended to give the Legislative Body a Parliamentary control of the finances. M. BON-  
JEAN, once himself Finance Minister, discovered that the addition to the public debt was, in reality, "a reserved fund, "the savings of the public fortune." It may be true that the loans were provided from the savings of the population, but after money has been lent and spent, it can scarcely be said to be reserved. The public creditors have the equivalent of their advances in a claim on the State, but they are not the richer because they have chosen a particular investment; and the Treasury is the poorer by its liability for the debt. When the finances fall into disorder, the fundholders lose a portion of their capital by the inevitable decline of the price of stocks. Money paid in taxes is not necessarily wasted, but it is almost always sunk without prospect of reproduction. There is nothing in the fiscal condition of France to excite alarm, but it was time to take measures for restoring public confidence, and, if possible, for checking the excess of expenditure over receipt. The EMPEROR has prudently determined to conciliate confidence by a change, and, in abandoning the power of decreeing extraordinary credits, he provides, to a certain extent, for the regularity of future Budgets. The sacrifice of prerogative is fully compensated by the limitation which it imposes on the official demands of different departments. It is easier to answer a troublesome Minister by pointing to a rule, than to meet the arguments by which he may urge the necessity for an increase of his establishment. If the EMPEROR himself really wishes to incur extraordinary expenditure for purposes of peace or war, the provisions of the new *senatus consultum* leave him sufficient facilities for using the public funds at his pleasure. The money may be spent, as heretofore, without consulting the Legislative Body, under the new arrangement for transferring credits from one Ministerial department to another. Until an Appropriation Bill, secured by an independent audit, is

introduced into French legislation, the Government will always enjoy large powers of dealing with the public resources. The sums voted for education or worship may be lawfully employed in the augmentation of the navy, and it follows that the representatives of the people must either make good the deficiency or become responsible for the failure of the public service.

One real reform has been accomplished in the appointment of a competent Finance Minister endowed with the powers properly belonging to his office. M. FOULD is himself the principal result of his own celebrated Report, and of the EMPEROR's consequent letter. In SWIFT's model household, every servant took care to spend, if possible, the whole of his master's income. The coachman commanded the full amount for the stables, the cook for the kitchen, and the butler for the cellar. If the unfortunate householder desired to obviate the inevitable consequences of domestic rivalry, his first step would be to appoint a confidential steward or housekeeper to regulate the whole establishment. The Ministers in France have in some degree emulated the liberal doctrines of the ideal servants' hall, and it was highly necessary for some inexorable M. FOULD to insist that all payments and orders should henceforth pass through his own hands. French writers have suggested, probably in the hope of exciting the EMPEROR's jealousy, that M. FOULD claims the exorbitant powers which, under the old monarchy, were exercised by the Controller of the Finances; but NAPOLEON III. is too firmly seated to fear the competition of a Minister exclusively responsible to himself. M. FOULD has not been imposed, like NECKER, on the Crown, nor would his removal from office produce any revolutionary agitation. The EMPEROR is more directly interested than any of his subjects in restoring the financial equilibrium. He has profited largely by the popularity and glory which have been purchased by an enormous outlay of capital. It will not be for the advantage of his dynasty if the nation subsequently discovers that extravagance, public as well as private, ends in pecuniary embarrassment. His own theories of finance seem to have been influenced by the quackery of the St. Simonians, and some years ago, the institution of the *Credit Mobilier* was probably intended to bring all speculative and monetary transactions under the direct control of the State. Practical experience has since proved that fiscal prosperity depends on simple and immutable principles. When, in time of peace, the ordinary expenditure exceeds the receipts, it is obviously prudent either to devise new resources or to determine on retrenchment. The judicious changes which have been made in the tariff will not fail to increase the produce of the indirect taxes, and if M. FOULD's advice is followed, the enormous and unnecessary establishments of the army and navy will probably undergo some reduction. The security for a prudent economy which is furnished by the new powers vested in the Legislative Body is less important than the anxiety of the Finance Minister to divide his responsibility with a deliberative Assembly.

M. FOULD's speech is distinguished by a certain calculated candour, and the apologies which he addresses to an ultra-Imperialist Senate are perhaps intended to be understood in other quarters as criticisms on the existing system. It had been necessary, he admitted, in the last ten years, to incur a large expenditure for the purpose of effacing the traces of revolutions, and of founding a dynasty on the basis of glory. The Minister himself had taken a part in many of the costly measures which he defended; but now the time had arrived for entering on the practice of economy. It must not be supposed that a sensible man of business really thinks a Government justified in spending the public capital to purchase popularity for itself. The profusion of ten years, being irrevocable, may as well be admitted and explained away; but, for the future, it will be desirable to adopt a precisely opposite course. Austria has paid for military supremacy in the form of chronic bankruptcy; and even the wealth and prosperity of France might fail in the long run to suffice for the prodigality of an absolute Government.

In another portion of his speech, M. FOULD seemed anxious to convince the Senate that no real check would be placed on the disposal of public money by the Executive. If the new law takes away the prerogative of extraordinary credits, it restores the practice of transferring funds from one chapter of the Budget to another. Transfers formerly existed together with extraordinary credits; and "they had then two causes of danger. As one was quite enough, the question

"was, which of them ought to be suppressed. In his opinion "transfers did not present the same danger as supplementary "and extraordinary credits." It must be supposed that M. FOULD has some reason for retaining one of the two causes of financial danger; but his opinion of the inconvenience of arbitrary expenditure is sufficiently indicated by his language. As he proceeded to explain, transfers become, in case of necessity, or rather in all cases, precisely equivalent to extraordinary credits. "No one ever thought that in suppressing extraordinary credits, the causes of those credits were also removed." If the cause of expenditure remains, and if a sufficient machinery for facilitating it is retained, it might be objected that no real change is effected by the *senatus consultum*. M. FOULD perhaps intended to convey this impression to the Senate, while he cautioned economists out of doors against the risks to which public credit is still exposed. There may, however, be a real security against extravagance in the substitution of transfers for extraordinary credits, if the new contrivance requires in every instance the signature of the Finance Minister, while the credits are provided by Imperial decrees on the recommendation of the heads of departments.

To satisfy the doubts of the Senate, M. FOULD further explained that the Government, in cases of emergency, was not in the habit of relying either on transfers or on supplementary credits. During the four months which preceded the Italian war, "material was forthcoming, stores were "collected, horses bought, ships freighted for transport, and "all this without opening a single credit." The explanation simply consisted in the statement that, although a vast liability was incurred, nothing was paid for. All was afterwards covered by the loan which was voted by the Legislative Body. The most anxious patriot need not fear that the power of the Government will be crippled by the nominal limitation of the Imperial prerogative. The Legislative Body will vote grants for the service of the State in different departments; and if the Government thinks fit to spend all the money on a single branch, the Legislature will have the opportunity of meeting again and voting the supplies a second time. When M. FOULD's Report was first published, public attention was called to the alarms which were caused in Europe by the irresponsible command of the Government over the finances, and by the power which it consequently possessed of preparing for war without notice. It is somewhat strange that the Minister should now explain that the same facility still remains, and that he should illustrate his statement by the apposite example of the Italian war. While the horses and ships and other equipments were in process of collection, the French Government declared that it was engaged in no preparation for war. It now appears that it was only not engaged in paying for the supplies which it ordered. On the whole, it would seem that no serious or organic reform is either effected or contemplated; but, for the present, it may be assumed that the policy of France is economical and peaceful.

#### RESULTS OF THE FIRST AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

AMONG the popular common-places which have usurped the place of political axioms, none is more generally accepted than the profession that, in every respect, the independence of the United States has been a gain and a benefit to Great Britain. It is put forward by grave authors with no less positiveness than by beardless politicians on their maiden hustings, or young writers in their maiden essays, as if it were a maxim that it argued only blind bigotry or stolid obstinacy to controvert. We are told to compare the exports of Great Britain to the United States with the exports to the colonies, old and new, as if that one comparison settled and bounded the whole question of the advantages or disadvantages which resulted from the disruption of the Thirteen British Colonies on the continent of North America. And yet there are many points of view from which that great historical event may be regarded, besides that which is purely commercial. Looking at the question in all its bearings, moral, social, and political, we may reasonably doubt whether too facile and too credulous an assent has not been given to this allegation. That the material development of the United States has been enhanced and accelerated by their independence is probably true. But whether this development has been beneficial to themselves or to the world at large, may reasonably appear doubtful to any one who has studied their history, their government, their manners, and



their dealings with foreign nations. That, under any circumstances, they could have remained for a century longer dependent upon a remote insular Power like that of England, may perhaps be regarded as entirely impossible; but that a longer connexion with the Mother-country, followed by a peaceable and pre-arranged separation, would have been eminently salutary to both, seems to us to admit of no doubt.

Generally, we may lay it down as a principle, that colonies are happy and civilized in a direct ratio to the intimacy of their connexion with the Mother-country. The colonies of England are for the most part small antitypes of England. They repeat the constitutional and social forms of the old country with a minute imitation which, in the smaller and less wealthy dependencies, almost degenerates into caricature, and is not exempt from inconvenience. An Englishman travels abroad with the conviction that in every remote sea, and almost in every strait, he will touch at some cape, continent, or island where the English standard waves, where the English tongue is spoken, where English law is administered, where supplies are voted and enactments passed by a tripartite Legislature, and where the social hierarchy is graduated on a similar scale and governed by similar codes to those which obtain in his native land. That the laws, customs, social instincts, and national feelings of these communities have not been warped into provincialism or hardened into rusticity, is the result of the communication which commerce, adventure, and steam have cemented between England and her forty or fifty colonies. Every year some colony, except the poorest and smallest, attracts to its shores a greater or lesser number of young Englishmen—many of gentle blood—almost all educated, both morally and intellectually, up to a far higher standard than was attainable by the same classes when the States of the North American Republic were colonies of Great Britain. The young lawyer, the young clergyman, sometimes the young merchant or banker—often the young planter—is a member of one of our two ancient Universities. Other immigrants, again, who have not had the advantage of a Cambridge or Oxford education, have been trained at the London University, at Edinburgh, at Dublin, or at some of the better of those proprietary schools which are doing for the higher sections of the middle classes that which the great public schools do for the upper classes. Add to these the young military officers fresh from school and English homes, and the Creole youth who—for the most part at the suggestion of wise and liberal Governors, and rarely at the instigation of the Downing-street authorities—have been sent for their education to England, or, as they themselves say, with a fond and generous patriotism, “sent home.” Add also another element, important in proportion to its rarity—the young Creole ladies who have received an education in quiet and elegant English houses—and it is easy to see why the English type is so visible in the social structure of our colonies. The same effects were not apparent in America, because the same causes were not in operation there. The emigration to the American colonies was sparse, uncertain, and rarely of a high or very respectable kind. That to the Northern colonies was composed mainly of those whom religious sympathy identified with the descendants of the Puritans—men probably of strong, stern, and strict characters, but of no breadth of moral view, utterly destitute both of secular learning and polite manners, not wholly free from the imputation of hypocrisy, and too often remarkable for very loose commercial ethics. In the South, after the first settlement of the Cavalier colonies, the emigration to them from Europe was scantier than that to those of the North. Except here and there a cadet of the old Cavalier stock, or a youthful adventurer who looked to find in America a field for the display of his energies and courage, which the cessation of great Continental wars and the discontinuance of foreign military employment denied to him in Europe, the immigrants into Virginia, Carolina, and latterly into Georgia, were, we fear, men of whose antecedent history their descendants could not be proud. There was no steam in those days. Little was known of America. The little that was reported was not such as to attract colonists from the better portion of society. Moreover, there was not in England that pressure of population or that competition for employment which, at a later period, drove young men of respectable positions to hew down forests, plough virgin land, or open virgin mines. Such hard

work, too, as was to be done, was, we fear, often done by the hands of white slaves—convicts, at least, little better than slaves in treatment or self-respect, and who met the few black slaves of those days on a footing of equality.

Thus, then, at the beginning of the great revolutionary struggle, the state of American society did not bear to the contemporary state of English society that resemblance which colonial society bears to the English society of the present day. There were, indeed, gentlemen in America equal to any gentlemen in Europe. GEORGE WASHINGTON was a thorough gentleman. His friend, A. HAMILTON, was a gentleman. There were other gentlemen and scholars among the authors and leaders of the Revolution; but they were too few to impress their own characters and principles on the mass of men by whom they were surrounded and the principles which the Revolution ultimately made supreme in the new Republic unfortunately rendered it impossible that popular respect or popular imitation should be attracted either by gentlemanly manners or gentlemanly attainments.

It is now useless, though not uninteresting, to consider how different might have been the condition of American society and the tone of American manners, had the Revolution been postponed for half a century. We make due allowance for the effect of climate, of situation, and, above all, of large, open, and unappropriated territory. We know that in an extensive province, sparsely peopled, the physical conditions of the country forbid the exact reproduction of metropolitan life and society. We know that the concurrent amplitude of untilled land and paucity of labouring hands is favourable neither to polite manners nor to polite learning, nor, strange to say, to the manly sports of England. We cannot help seeing also that there is a mysterious *genius loci*, which in time does strangely change the ancestral type of a race. It is not the large influx of Irish, French, and German immigrants which has alone so completely changed the English physiognomy in America, for a somewhat analogous change is going on among our cousins in Australia. But what we contend is, that despite the operation of these various causes, the postponement of the American Revolution would have greatly modified their effects and retarded the estrangement between England and her Transatlantic child. This postponement would have ensured in the mean time a closer and more frequent communication with Europe. A higher class of immigrants would have settled in the American colonies. Their influence would have reacted on their friends and connexions of their own rank in England. A more courteous, and more liberal tone would have been infused into any controversial discussions with the Mother-country. A race of men would have grown up imbued with English predilections, and trained up in the manly sports, in the manly school-lore, in the generous school-feelings, of English boys. Above all, a race would have grown up imbued with the English principle of fair play, amenable to the give-and-take practice which equity and good humour equally recognise among us, loving a good stand-up fight, but loathing as alike unmanly and inhuman the arts and arms of the rowdy and the assassin. New York and Virginia would have developed masculine feelings and habits of thought in sufficient vigour to neutralize, or at any rate dilute, the acrid sectarianism and the sordid commercialism which, originally confined to the New England States, have flowed into the whole Union, souring the national mind and lowering the national character. Above all, the founders of the American Constitution (if at a later date a new Constitution had been deemed necessary) would have digested their plans under the lurid warnings of the French Revolution. Not yet committed to universal suffrage, to division of property, to the fatuous worship of an impossible equality, they would have sought to avoid the horrors and the failures of that dismal epoch, and to impress upon their commonwealth some of those characteristics which reconcile a reasonable freedom of individual thought and action with the preservation of general order and the due gradations of human society. They would have eschewed as the conception of impertinent socialists the doctrine that all men, learned or unlearned, rich or poor, honest or dishonest, have an equal right in dictating the tone of the national government, and tracing the course of the national legislation. Viewing, with a larger and more liberal scope than the actual founders of the great Republic could view, the process of European administration, and contrasting the effects of the different forms of European government, they would have recognised the value of tra-

ditions which only pert ignorance presumes to despise, and the necessity of those social distinctions which are odious only to the vain, the vulgar, and the discontented. They would have disciplined their wild and unruly immigrants by an apprenticeship to systematic labour and the exercise of wholesome control in the neighbourhood of settled cities and districts, instead of prematurely creating new States and throwing millions of acres into the hands of uncivilized occupants. Thus they would have saved their country from its ignominious subjection to Celtic rowdiness, and Europe from the reactionary tide of low American democracy.

But such a course of things was forbidden by fate. It was left to a medley composition of *quasi*-Puritan fanatics, half-Gallicized Jacobins, philosophical infidels, and acrimonious demagogues, to draw up a political Constitution for a people who had no powerful neighbours, no historical traditions save those of the conventicle and Congress Hall, no experience save that of handicraft-labour and civil war, and who, in the immense and trackless expanse of frontier forest and waste, beheld a continual incentive to adventure, aggression, and migration. Can we wonder, then, at the result which followed? Can we wonder when we see twenty millions of men, governed on the principle of anarchy, dictating at once two gigantic wars without deigning either to ponder their equity or to estimate their cost? Can we refrain from contrasting the state of things which exists, with the state of things which might have been if the Republic had been constituted by men who knew that there were higher objects of national ambition than a vulgar level of all citizens, or a rapid expansion of material prosperity?

#### THE YEAR.

THE time has come round for us, now that we are on the point of parting with the year 1861, to take stock of the events of which it has left the mark upon our own country and upon the world. The retrospect is not attractive. It recalls to us the thought of leaders lost, whose guidance we soon must miss—of passions unchained, whose fury we soon may feel—of a fair civilization blighted by follies of which we, who bore no part in them, must pay the penalty. It has been a dispiriting and saddening year, with no stirring deeds to lighten its gloom, no grandeur to atone for the havoc it has left behind. Great men have been snatched away before their time, while yet the work they had to do was incomplete; and the very smallest men on the world's stage have been promoted, by a strange whim of fate, to be the half-conscious instruments of mighty changes which they can neither guide nor check. The most wearisome and the least elevating pages of the world's history are those in which great events are worked out by the blunders of small men; and it is to the opening of one of these periods that we seem to have been led by the year to which we are now bidding farewell.

In legislation the year has been singularly unfruitful. The current of feeling has run so strongly against change that even the familiar voices of professional agitators have been comparatively silent, and Parliament has been well content to confine its energies to matters of detail. The sequence of events has been very unfortunate for those who desire to introduce a more democratic element into the English Constitution. Mr. Bright's indiscretions had already frightened the middle classes out of their propriety by the financial vista which he opened out to them as the consequence of Reform. They were not disinclined to a relaxation of electoral restrictions as long as democracy came to them in a suppliant attitude, pleading in a sentimental tone for a little sympathy, and representing the whole question merely as a matter of feeling. It seemed churlish to refuse to the working-classes an unimportant privilege, which they merely desired as a kind of civic decoration. But when Mr. Bright pointed out that this privilege was not to be unimportant, but was to effect a revolution in taxation by which every existing elector's pocket would be the lighter, the revulsion of feeling among the middle classes was violent and rapid. The Reform Bill was stifled in talk last year with their full acquiescence, was ignominiously ignored this year, and was finally consigned to history without remonstrance and without regret. Unfortunately for Mr. Bright, the revulsion was not satiated with this sacrifice; for it had gathered to itself allies of whose existence he had never dreamed. The impression which his powerful but imprudent oratory had made upon the middle classes was very deep, and the aversion they had conceived for Reform was too pronounced to be easily charmed away. But still it might have yielded in course of time to a demulcent treatment. Mr. Bright might have been induced to turn his attention exclusively to India, or to the paper trade; and Mr. Beames' statistical panegyrics upon the working men might, in the long run, have soothed the middle classes into a comatose acquiescence in democratic theories. But unluckily, just when the panic Mr. Bright's frankness had raised was at its height,

there came the news that the stock argument of democratic speeches was deliberately metamorphosing itself into a *reductio ad absurdum*. It was hard enough upon him that his own freedom of speech should have cut the throat of his own agitation. But that, just when he had realized the error he had committed, then the American mishap should come to enhance its effect, and burn in, in imperishable characters, the impression it had made, was the cruellest freak that a capricious destiny ever played on a politician. It is never pleasant to have spent a life-time in preaching the solidity of a bubble, and then to see it burst before the eyes of all one's hearers; but if the bubble would only have held together till a Reform Bill had been passed, he could have borne the blow more patiently. As it is, the hope of giving to the poorer classes the discretion of deciding what taxes the richer shall pay seems farther off than it did when Mr. Bright first began his weary struggle against intelligence and property.

The political operation of the American convulsion has no doubt been very strong upon the minds of the English people. Indeed it has been stronger than any logical reasoning can absolutely warrant. It would be far outstepping the truth to say that all the disasters from which America is suffering are the fruits of Democracy. Democracy is legitimately chargeable with the oppression of minorities, and the bitter irreconcilable party spirit which that oppression has produced; and it must also bear the blame of that total ostracism of able men which, during the last six months, has led the Union into so much of disaster and disgrace. But slavery, and the tendency to disruption which always shows itself in overgrown States, must count for a good deal in the list of the causes to which the present calamities are due. But if the argument against Democracy from American events, though sound in the main, has been pushed a little too far, the retribution is not unfair. It is only a just Nemesis upon the platform speeches which used to bring to the credit of Democracy all the material prosperity that flows from an exhaustless territory and a virgin soil.

The result of this condition of the public mind was that the Parliamentary session promised little and performed less. It altered the Bankruptcy Law after an animated struggle over the future professional career of Sir William Atherton; it distributed the four seats of Sudbury and St. Albans; and it repealed the Paper-duty. This list very nearly exhausts its achievements. The first of these performances may be assumed to have been considerable, since Mr. Edwin James, in his American retirement, has thought fit to claim it as his own. The second has had no other effect as yet than to swell the ranks of those who by profession are opposed to the Ministry that introduced it; and the third has opportunely emptied the Exchequer in the face of events which may not improbably plunge us in a few weeks into a war expenditure. Mr. Gladstone felt the measure necessary to heal his own wounded honour and Mr. Bright's; but he will now probably join in the general regret that that desirable result could not have been attained at a cheaper price, or reserved for a less eventful period. As it is, every Income-tax payer in the kingdom will have to contribute at least a penny extra in the pound to pay the cost of the *amende honorable* which the House of Lords was compelled to make to these two distinguished statesmen.

The year has been as barren in political as in legislative results. At one time an impression was general that the Ministry was materially weakened, and political star-gazers prophesied its early fall. At the end of the summer there were many causes that had undermined its stability. The Parliamentary *tour de force* which Lord Palmerston executed, in compelling the House of Commons to sanction a larger reduction of taxation than was thought safe by the moderate politicians of his own party, weakened the bands of their allegiance; the Galway quarrel alienated from him a section of Irish members; and his Ministry had become so weakened by death and promotion, that Mr. Gladstone, who possessed an unenviable power of creating enemies, remained almost his only auxiliary in debate. These causes undoubtedly imperilled the Government, and, combined with the Conservative tendency of the times, encouraged the party in Opposition to hold up their heads and imagine that the hour of office was drawing nigh. But the course of events in the latter half of the year has not been favourable to this sanguine view. The elections that have taken place have contained little that was encouraging to them. They have failed in London and Carlisle with excellent candidates; they were unable to produce a candidate at all in Worcestershire; and they have lost seats that they possessed before in Lincoln and Plymouth. Their two successes in Lancashire and Birkenhead appear to have been due to a temporary popularity with the Roman Catholics which they are likely to find a broken reed. It rests on the assumption that, if they attain to power, they will pursue a course in Italian politics which their ablest spokesman, Mr. Fitzgerald, vehemently disclaims, and in which the strong feelings of the English people would hardly suffer them to persist. On the whole, therefore, they seem to have lost, rather than gained, in electoral strength. No very decisive test, however, has been applied; for several of the constituencies that have decided against them have been small ones, and the verdicts of isolated elections are always more affected by local accidents than those of a general election. On the whole, these results convey the impression of a profound political apathy



among all the lower class of electors, except the Roman Catholics. Political opinions have in no case but that of the City of London been able to turn the scale against the candidate who had the advantage in respect of other recommendations. Even in Finsbury this rule was followed, for it was Mr. Cox's superiority in a voluble and unfastidious style of eloquence that gained the hearts of the electors.

It is no doubt a cruel mortification to the Conservative leaders that the wave of reaction has not floated into port their storm-tossed vessel and home-sick crew. But there were, in truth, no strong grounds for expecting such a result. The reaction was in favour of a certain policy, not in favour of particular politicians; and it would only have benefited them in the contingency that their opponents refused to acquiesce in it. If Lord Palmerston had stoutly stood out for Reform after the voice of the nation had been clearly pronounced against it, it is probable that Mr. Disraeli would have reaped from the reaction a rapid and ample harvest. But those who expected from Lord Palmerston such a self-denying fidelity to a creed which had notoriously been adopted without sincerity, both on one side of the House and the other, formed a very low estimate of his sagacity. In fact, if his tastes were consulted, he infinitely preferred the ebb tide to the flood, though he was perfectly ready, on occasion, to swim with either. His position, therefore, was unaffected by that general aversion to change which has been denominated a reaction. His personal popularity, and the confidence which, by a strange mutation of public feeling, has been accorded to his foreign policy ever since the outbreak of the Russian war, remained to him intact. Moreover, he had never been closely allied with the philo-Americans; and it is against them that the public feeling has indignantly turned. In other points of liberal policy there appears to be no change. In spite of Mr. Roebuck, the Emperor of Austria is not more admired than he was before: and the English sympathy with Italian freedom has not abated. But all the enterprises of the Americanizing politicians have been heavily discomfited. Reform has been laughed down, and even so slight an advance in the direction of Democracy as the addition of another metropolitan member to the House of Commons has been summarily refused. In Church questions the tendency has been still more marked. The destruction of the Church of England has always been the darling project of the theorists who look to America as their model; and it is in this quarter that their defeats have been the most frequent and the most signal. The "Church Wednesdays" became proverbial during last session; but of some four or five conflicts to which the Dissenters challenged their opponents, and in which they were invariably worsted, the case of Church-rates is the most remarkable. Probably Parliamentary history does not contain so singular an instance of revulsion of feeling as that which, in the same Parliament, and in the course of two years, converted a majority of seventy-one into a minority of one. Considering the difficulties of the Church-rate question, the weariness that has gathered round it, and the undoubted abuses that disfigure the existing law, this victory displays very strikingly the indignation that has been aroused by the Americanizing politicians. Nor is its force spent with the exertions of a single session. It is the only one Conservative war-cry that has gained strength from the recent elections. London, Wrexham, and Richmond, though adverse to the Conservatives, have been favourable to the maintenance of Church-rates. Nor have Church-rates only effected conquests over electors and over candidates. The signs of the times have been sufficiently eloquent to carry a strong conviction to the mind of the Conservative leader, and to extract from him a laboured manifesto in their behalf. Mr. Disraeli has always given them the benefit of his vote; but as far as speeches are concerned he is a Church-rate advocate *du lendemain*. But the magnet has two poles. If it can attract, it also can repel. The same electric force that draws Mr. Disraeli to adhere closer to the Church's cause, drives Lord Stanley, with equal velocity, in the opposite direction. His leader's homage to the Established Church appears to have irritated him beyond endurance. The speech which he made at King's Lynn, remarkable in many points for the aversion it betrayed to the general sentiments of the party with which he votes, breathed an especial hostility to the Church Establishments of the three kingdoms. His language concerning the Irish Church, introduced gratuitously, and bearing no reference to any pending question of the day, can only have been meant to bring into a strong light the differences which separate him from those by whose side he sits. Coming so soon as it did after the speech of Mr. Disraeli, it wore to every bystander's eye the aspect of a gauge of battle, which so prudent a politician would hardly have thrown down from mere thoughtless impulse. It was, no doubt, intended as an intimation that he had sacrificed enough to the decencies of family connexion; and that if, in any future Government, Churchmanship and Conservatism were to be wedded together, he must decline to grace the ceremony with his presence.

Beyond these two speeches, the domestic events of the autumn have been without any great significance. Lord Russell has made a studiously prudent speech on foreign policy at Newcastle, as befitted the exigencies of his position; and yet even from that the Americans have contrived to extract matter for offence. Mr. Gladstone's eloquent tongue has not

been silent, but it has occupied itself principally with the education of the middle classes, the origin of science, the deduction of the art of ploughing from a contemplation of the habits of a pig, and similar subjects of a non-political character. Sir Robert Peel, as Irish Secretary, has been making a professional tour in the provinces, for the purpose, apparently, of hitting an obvious blot in Mr. Disraeli's party policy. To gratify the Roman Catholics without offending the Orangemen is a task that would defy the dexterity of Talleyrand himself. But, as the Irish Secretary's starring appears to have been ineffective in result, it is probable that he and the Orangemen were unable to come to terms. No doubt he has found himself hampered by the same dilemma as that in which Mr. Disraeli is struggling. Both parties are restrained in their bids to the religious sections that divide Ireland by the immovable determination of England. It is equally impossible for Mr. Disraeli to pursue an Italian policy that shall gratify the Catholics, or for Sir Robert Peel to pursue a domestic policy that shall gratify the Orangemen, and yet obtain the confidence of the English people.

On the Continent of Europe, the year 1861 has been more peaceful than appeared likely when it began. Twelve months ago, it seemed too much to hope for that the discontents of Rome, Venetia, and Hungary should not somewhere kindle into war. The fiery and fickle Italians appear, however, to have changed their nature under the schooling of adversity, and to have acquired the constancy and prudence of the North. They have suffered the heaviest calamity that an enemy could have desired for them—the loss of the leader who made them into an independent people. It might have been feared that when his hand was removed, no other would have been found capable of guiding Italy through the dangers by which newly-acquired freedom is beset. The policy by which the Italian kingdom was created was so completely his policy, that people had come to identify the two, and to believe that he alone could carry the work to its consummation. After a successful revolution, there are so many jealousies, so many clashing claims, and in an Italian revolution there are so many rivalries to pacify, that harmonious co-operation is only possible when it is enforced by some master-spirit who is recognised by all. Cavour was strong enough to command peace. But few were bold enough to hope that, when the pressure of his pre-eminence was taken off, the jealousies of rival statesmen and rival cities would not spring up. But none of these dangers have actually appeared. The Italians have shown a clear perception of the perils that surround them, and have behaved as if they had been accustomed to work a constitutional Government for centuries. The spirit of their leader appears still to guide their deliberations. His disciples have been left unmolested in power, his policy has been faithfully pursued, and as yet no step has been taken which he would have condemned. The eager spirits among them that chafe at the lesson of patience, and would wreck the half-completed monarchy by dashing it against Powers which it is too weak to shake, have been as yet successfully restrained. The Italians are content to wait till France thinks fit to yield to them the only possible capital of Italy, and till the inevitable retribution of many years' misgovernment has broken the power of Austria and set Venice free. For the downward course of Austria has been very rapid during the past year, and very encouraging to those whose hopes depend upon her fall. Her finances are in a condition of hopeless confusion that leaves even that of Turkey in the shade. It is difficult to understand how, even under a despotic Government, those "credit operations" are performed which put off the evil day of avowed bankruptcy for a time. Meanwhile, the military expenditure is constantly on the increase. It already eats up the resources of the State; yet it must be enlarged, if the Emperor is to struggle even with transient success against the hatred of his subjects. The new Constitution is an absolute failure; for half the monarchy will not accept it. The Government, after many efforts to force the Hungarians to merge their national existence in the Austrian empire—a process to which they, being the larger kingdom, are resolved not to submit—has given up in despair all idea of conciliation, and is governing, taxing, and administering Hungary purely by the sword. If it had only been the Hungarians with whom the Emperor had quarrelled, it would have been more easy, considering the difficulties he inherited, to find excuses for his conduct. The blame could not in that case have been assigned exclusively to him; and some of it must in justice have been allotted to the Hungarians, who so grossly overstepped in 1848 the legal position to which they now wisely cling. But the Emperor has contrived to quarrel with loyal Croatia, and to provoke its Diet to a condition of almost equal discontent; and Croatia was the solitary plank upon which the monarchy was floated into safety in the deluge of 1848. The end of the present crisis it is difficult not only to predict, but even to imagine. That a state of things can go on which indispensably requires for the army more money than the people can furnish, seems an impossibility in the nature of things. That Hungary, made up of several different, and often antagonistic races, could permanently stand alone under a government which must of necessity be revolutionary, is open to a doubt; and it is possible that, if any of her neighbours were in a condition for aggression, she would be an easy prey. But Turkey and Russia have both enough to do at home to maintain their national existence without thinking of foreign conquest. Turkey, like Austria, is in the throes of a

financial crisis, induced by the utter impossibility of inoculating the Sultan's household with economy, or his Treasury with honesty. The year has passed without any renewal of bloodshed in the Lebanon, though the danger is supposed not to be quite over yet. In the Herzegovina, the Ottoman Empire has appeared to still less advantage; for a Turkish army and the best Turkish general have with difficulty held their own against a few tribes of mountaineers. Of the internal struggles which have marked the year in Russia we have but an indistinct knowledge; but the accounts which have reached us indicate a state of society which a very slight blunder may precipitate into revolution. Even in St. Petersburg, so slight a matter as the discontent of the students of the university at some new regulations produced a ferment alarming enough to compel the Emperor's sudden return to his capital. In Poland matters have been far worse. A general revolt has only been prevented by measures of violent and apparently bloody repression. In Germany, the only incidents that have varied the even tenor of events, have been the attempt upon the King of Prussia's life, and the formal ceremony of his coronation at Königsberg. The result of the recent elections gives promise that the liberties of Prussia, which in the hands of the police have so long been merely nominal, will at last become realities. In France, as in Austria and Turkey, despotic government has produced financial confusion; but it has set in in a milder form and with happier effects. A nominal but illusory increase of Parliamentary supervision is the use to which the Emperor has dexterously turned his fiscal embarrassments; and it will perhaps enable him, without danger to his throne, to postpone for a short time his next aggressive movement. The cotton famine, and the embarrassment it has caused in France, have made economy necessary, because they have made fresh taxation impossible; and they would probably, if England were able to maintain her neutrality, force him to raise the American blockade. But fortune seems to have decreed that we should act the useful part of taking the chestnut out of the fire.

But it is not for any events in the Old World that the year 1861 will be remembered in history. European convulsions appear to have been silenced for the moment by the all-absorbing interest of the calamities that have fallen upon America. A year ago, South Carolina had hardly taken the first steps towards secession. It seemed very doubtful whether her example would be followed, and still more unlikely that the movement, whatever its area, would be made the ground of an aimless and barbarous war. The admirers of America in England were already calling on us for renewed acts of homage to the matchless civilization of that democracy which even preferred the loss of empire to the shedding of blood. But since that time events have marched with Transatlantic rapidity. The secession of one small State has become the armed revolt of half an empire. A million of men who twelve months ago were peaceful citizens of the same country are now encamped and under arms, and scheming each other's destruction with a heartier good will than any but kinsmen-enemies can feel. A succession of combats has decided, without recall, that the creation of Washington is broken up—at the same time that desolating operations by sea and land have shown, and are even yet showing, how much vitality for evil the dying Union still possesses. The campaigns of the year have proved that Providence is not always on the side of the largest battalions, and that a confirmed habit of noisy bragging may convert even troops of so-called Anglo-Saxon lineage into cowards. The contest has in every way redounded to the discredit of the North. The Federation began with a cause that was legally unimpeachable, and in many points of view calculated to attract sympathy to its side. It came forward as the assertor of legitimacy against rebellion, of the ballot-box against the bullet, and, professedly at least, of freedom against slavery. It started with the warlike munitions, the navy, the wealth, and the established political organization of the United States upon its side. And yet, with all these advantages, it has been beaten in every important land encounter—it has failed to establish an effective blockade—it has been itself blockaded in its own capital—and has been kept at bay and foiled by an enemy who twelve months ago possessed neither troops nor arms, and was compelled to construct both a constitution and a government in the face of imminent war. Its reputation would have been less damaged if it had only failed in military operations, of which its experience has been small. But in this hour of trial every executive institution, civil as well as military, has broken down. Never in the world's history was a paper Constitution put to more complete and open shame. Both the public manifestoes and the policy of the President have justified his claim to the absolute insignificance by which alone that high office can be reached. His Ministers have been scarcely more competent, and they have been certainly less respectable. In a position requiring more than ordinary virtue and discretion, they have displayed the worst vices of the worst Governments of the Old World. Their measures have been as arbitrary as those which Austria has been pursuing in Hungary; and if they are not much belied, their venality has eclipsed even the proverbial venality of Russia. Under their management enormous sums have been wasted without result, and the credit of the Union, both financially and politically, has dwindled day by day. At first the sympathies of this country were very decidedly with the North. We have no admiration for rebellion, and the statesmen of the South had vilified England so persistently and so malignantly that they had little claim on our

national regard. The detestation of slavery which has fixed its hold so firmly on English minds inclined a great number of Englishmen to take part against the Southerners, who were its upholders, without waiting to inquire whether the Northerners were genuinely anxious for its overthrow. But, as months went on, the conduct of the North repelled from it its steadiest friends. Its writers outstripped all Southern precedent in animosity against England; and its Government cleared itself of all suspicion of abolitionism by repeating again and again their willingness to confirm, if not to extend, the pro-slavery provisions of the Federal Constitution. Meanwhile, those who had been drawn by their political opinions to value the American Republic, and had mourned its impending dissolution as a calamity to the cause of freedom, grew colder in their regrets as events went on. The sufferings of Maryland, and the imprisonments at La Fayette, and the muzzled press, and the violated courts of law, left no room for doubting the instinctively despotic tendencies of the politicians who had always phrases of freedom on their lips. Thus the public opinion of England recoiled with each mail's news more and more decisively from the North. The narrow clique of Americanizing politicians who have worshipped the Union through good report and evil report for many a long year—through protective tariffs, fugitive slave laws, through filibustering and repudiation, and who would still continue to worship it though President Lincoln should set up a revolutionary tribunal and a guillotine—have not been tempted to desert their ancient faith. But it burned in their hearts alone. All other sections of English opinion had renounced all feelings of tenderness for the North at the time when the news of the outrage arrived which has given, in the eyes of every Englishman, a changed aspect and a changed interest to the struggle. The affair of the *San Jacinto* is graven too freshly and too deeply on every mind to need any reference to it here. Its weighty issues and its historical significance will belong to another year. It only throws upon the short residue of the year that is passing away the gloomy shadow of coming calamities to which none can look forward without dismay.

The gaps which each year leaves in the ranks of those whose lives are matter of public interest are numerous and unusually important. Of those whose fame arose from literature, may be mentioned Sir Francis Palgrave, whose profound knowledge as an antiquary will not easily be replaced; and Mrs. Browning, whose poetry has always commanded a school of warm admirers. Sir Howard Douglas, after having attained in earlier years a considerable reputation in his profession, became still better known as an old man by the skill with which he wielded his pen in its behalf. Of politicians of smaller note, Lord Eglintoun and the King of Prussia may be mentioned. They have neither of them left any void, nor did they at the time of their death command any perceptible political influence. But they were both honest in the objects they had in view, and both chanced to be, though for intervals of different duration, placed in positions of eminence which brought into high relief the contrast between their mediocre abilities and attractive personal manners. Mankind value the latter qualification far above the former, and therefore they have both been regretted by thousands who never saw them but in a carriage or at a levée. But these are not the events which have conferred a funeral pre-eminence upon the year 1861. It is among the greatest, the most powerful, the most honoured, that death has been fearfully busy this year—and busy where we are least accustomed to expect his hand. Contrary to former experience, the central arches of the bridge appear now to crumble most, and most frequently to fall through. Lord Campbell, indeed, departed full of years, as well as of honour, and left behind him, to enhance our natural sorrow for the loss of an active legislator and a profound lawyer, no regrets for a career unfinished or a promise unfulfilled. Sir James Graham, too, though from the vigour of his hale frame and active mind no one could have presaged his impending death, had yet done his full share of work for his country, and received his full meed of fame. But our other great losses have been of lives cut short half-way, blighted in the flower while the fruit of their self-culture was still green, cheated of the years of crowning usefulness to which the earlier half of a public man's career is only the apprenticeship. Cavour, Herbert, Albert—it is seldom that names in which so much of public confidence and public hope were wrapped up have met in the obituary of a single year. Each of them was cut short unexpectedly in the midst of his labours, at the very moment when his services were most required and his loss seemed most irreparable. Lord Herbert was actually charged with no wider interests than those which belonged to one particular department of administration. But in a period when all our leading statesmen have served their time, and are one by one falling out of the ranks, his career, as that of the only successor fit to fill their vacant seats, was watched with an interest which no other of the subordinate statesmen could command. His loss, however, has been appreciated more by those who knew what he was capable of becoming than by mere bystanders. He has left no immediate void which it was difficult to fill up. It was different with the other two. By their services they had so won men's hearts, and so bound up the nation's destiny with their own that nothing can repair their loss. Nothing can give to Italy another leader so proved by the emergencies of the past, so strong in the popular confidence which a long and well-repaid



reliance upon his skill and courage had built up. Nothing can replace to England the wise, calm, self-denying guide, whose patience no distrust could irritate, whose philanthropy no jealousy could chill, and who never missed nor flinched from the narrow and often repulsive path which Constitutional Monarchy must tread. England has been strong in her institutions, and has boasted of them before other nations as of her peculiar glory. The boast is just, but who shall say how long it will endure? They have stood, in recent years of tempest, when others have crumbled away, in no small degree because of the virtue and wisdom that gave strength to the throne upon which, as on a keystone, they lean. It is impossible to enter upon an era of new trials, new conflicts, new convulsions, without feeling acutely the sorrowful, irreparable truth, that one half of that support is gone from us for ever.

#### THE DARK SIDE OF POPULAR EDUCATION.

**T**HERE are few things harder than to convince the world that when we point out the faults, or defects, or weak side of any thing, or person, or institution, or system, we do not mean to condemn altogether what we attack. Theoretically, people are very willing to allow that in this world everything, however good, has its drawbacks and shortcomings; but practically it is always taken as a slur on what is good, and an insult to those who occupy themselves in any good work, to say that the good brings evil with it, and that the work that is done is in some degree mischievous. To say, for instance, that education has its dark side, may be easily misconstrued into a depreciation of education. We think that education—that is, the diffusion through large masses of men of the kind of education which large masses can receive in the present state of the world—has its dark side as well as its bright one. At the same time it would be absurd to call in question the great preponderance of good that education brings with it. We may be quite sure that education will not cease in Europe now that it has once fairly begun; and we may see equally that Europe will gain greatly by the process. We are now, perhaps, paying the penalty of those extravagant promises of rapid improvement which the friends of education held out when popular education was in its infancy. We have learnt that the hard-worked mechanic or ploughman who devotes himself, after a frugal tea, to the study of pure science or high art, is an animal at least as rare as a black swan. There are such creatures, but the run of swans are decidedly white, and the run of poor men do not care for much more than a peep at the old newspaper on which they impress the circular mark of their mug of beer. Some degree of ridicule has, therefore, been thrown over public education; but, after all idle dreams of a rapid change for the better in any section of mankind are over and gone, there remains such an amount of solid benefit to the poor, and to all those who a few years ago were uneducated, that no one need repent of having done his utmost to diffuse instruction. Nor are we inclined to attach very much weight to the complaint so frequently made, that one result of education has been to unsettle the poor, to make servants fine, and to teach village shopboys and milliners' apprentices to pretend to each other that they are gentlemen and ladies. This is a feature—and certainly it is an unpleasant feature—of an age of transition—of a time when society is entering on a new phase, and the relations that bind men together are daily becoming less those of personal dependence, and more those of contract and voluntary agreement. Education contributes to produce this change, but it only does so in conjunction with the increase of wealth, the greater facility of locomotion, the direct or indirect dominion of the leading European countries over the world, and a great variety of other causes. The real evils of popular education are of a much more remote and subtle kind than this altered attitude of the poor.

The most obvious of the ill effects which attend the popularization of knowledge, is the tendency which this accommodation of instruction to unformed minds has to substitute the machinery of education for education itself. In order to produce the result of imparting what is to be known to persons little qualified to receive it, an elaborate apparatus is devised by which time and labour and thought are spared. Everything is popular. There are popular lectures, and popular explanations, and popular pictures, and popular dictionaries, grammars, and histories. A little learning is conveyed in the most simple and pleasant form possible. It is scarcely, however, true to say that the great bane of this is to puff the learners up and make them conceited and vain. In the first place, every good thing makes some people vain, and knowledge must take its chance with other good things. Considering that a large number of persons are vain of being religious, we need not trouble ourselves much at finding that vanity can feed on the acquirement of all other forms of success. And, in the next place, the world in general is not vain of knowledge. It cares too little about it, and comes too easily by all of it that it possesses. There are very few shopboys who would not be much more vain of a fine curly head of hair than of knowing trigonometry. The effect of placing a little knowledge before a great many persons on easy terms is not to make them vain of having got it, so much as satisfied with a little when they might get more. It is this premature satisfaction and contentment of the mind which is the real danger. So long as education was open to only

a very few of the lower classes, and it required great natural gifts and unwearied industry as well as singular good fortune for a boy born in the humbler ranks to get instruction, there was at least this advantage to balance the difficulties—that his ideal of education was not spoiled. He considered knowledge a thing very hard to attain to, and only to be won by sheer force of labour and unbroken courage. Now a poor boy gets a little learning so easily, and he has such an abundance of amusing lectures, and diagrams of the steam-engine, and panoramas of the Acropolis, offered him, that he feels wafted to the heights of knowledge without having the bore of climbing. It is true that the ideal of education has not been lowered in England generally, and that persistent maintenance of the ideal of the highest education is constantly telling indirectly upon the views of education held by every one in the country. But the preservation of a proper standard of knowledge has been greatly owing to what we may term the lucky accident of an enormous revenue having been secured by former generations for the teaching this generation those subjects which practically are found to do most for a high education. England has been tied down to classical studies by the endowments of her schools and colleges. This has done much to neutralize the effects of popularising education, and we may be very thankful for it. But the danger exists, although we may have been kept from feeling its full force.

All the teaching that has been going on for the last quarter of a century has also largely coloured the mode in which the rich regard the poor, and not in all respects for the better. The poor have come to be looked on as the raw material for instruction, and the rich as destined to be the instructors. To be taught is the one great duty the poor have to fulfil. If they are willing to discharge this duty, they then play their proper part as obedient raw material. If they are restive, they must be either coerced or broken—they must be either debarrd from the solid advantages the rich have to bestow, or they must be coaxed with broth or pudding or money to seek after knowledge. If they will not hear a regular discourse, they must be persuaded or decoyed into pocketing a tract. The rich naturally feel as schoolmasters towards their scholars when once this educational relation is established. Their first anxiety is to know that their school is getting on well, and that they have done the utmost they can to promote its success. Their second great wish is to set the poor a decent example, and to keep the credit of the educational staff up in general estimation. Very great good has come from this. The rich have interested themselves about the poor far more than they otherwise would have done, and they have been shamed into decency by their laudable desire to stand well with their scholars. But, after all, the world is not a great school, and there is something forced and unreal in this treatment of the poor as school-children. We see the educational relation of the poor and rich represented in its most glaring form in the ordinary religious novel of the day. And when we have its extremest phase brought before us, we easily see that what is only one point of connexion between the two ranks is held in a very undue degree of pre-eminence. We remember that many of the wisest of those who have written about the poor have looked at things in a very different way. Wordsworth, for example, instead of holding himself up as the teacher of the poor, is always explaining how much he learnt from them. He is the pupil, the admirer, the friend of the poor man, not his superior teacher and patron. Sir Walter Scott, again, who certainly understood the structure of society as well as most men of his day, always paints the poor man as having a standing of his own and a dignity and independence which he is capable of maintaining with effect. Let any one compare the treatment of the poor in the *Antiquary* or *Guy Mannering* with that in the stories of religious lady novelists, and he will at once be struck with the difference. It is not that in the latter the people talk religion. There is no reason why Scott's characters should not touch on religious subjects. It is that in the religious novel the poor are always at school, and in Scott they are always home for the holidays.

There can also be no doubt that popular education tends to fetter thought. It is obvious why this is so. If you wish to teach large numbers of people so as to make learning easy and agreeable to them, you must give them what they will take to with tolerable readiness; and what is once given you must stick to. The very poor—those who are entirely at the disposal of the rich, and who must take the education offered them, or have none—do not greatly affect the nature of the instruction offered them. But those who are somewhat above the poor—who consider themselves as conferring, quite as much as receiving, a favour, if they submit to be educated—insist on having some attention paid to their tastes. The sort of people who are forced into associations of what are called Young Christians cannot tell whether the information imparted to them is true or valuable, but they can tell whether it is cut after the approved pattern. They resent innovations, not because they see what changes mean, but because they feel as a corporation feels if its charter is attacked. Any alteration of thought also involves a great remodelling of machinery, and this is very vexatious. Let us suppose that a thousand schools are at work, and that it is possible to prove that a part of their teaching is erroneous. Their books are of course tainted with the error—the books it has cost so much trouble to get written, and to have published, and to buy. All the scholars who are at all forward have duly learned the error. They must help to teach the less advanced, and they

can only teach as they have been taught. The masters and mistresses have long grown accustomed to disseminate this error, and could hardly teach unless they were permitted to hand it on as usual. The visitors and the clergymen have been always in the habit of accepting this error in their examinations, and it might raise many difficult questions and instil a general feeling of insecurity and uneasiness, if they introduced a change. It is therefore much simpler to deny that the error is an error at all, and to put down as much as possible those who will annoy their neighbours by looking to the truth. And the system of popular education supplies very effectual weapons for silencing obtrusive thinkers. It is a serious thing to have to face a legion of scholars and teachers and school patrons. If they are all set to hoot an offender, the din is enough to frighten any but a man of very stout heart. Undoubtedly, other causes are at work to make freedom of thought possible, but the system of popular education works largely in the opposite direction. It is scarcely too much to say, that were its operation unchecked, it would fossilize the thought that happened to prevail in England at the period when it was first started, and preserve it unaltered in form, though perfectly dead, to distant generations.

#### FRIENDS.

THIS is a time of year when it is expected, at any rate, that we shall feel hearty and genial—a state of mind which, among other things, implies that we are thinking a great deal of our friends, and feeling warmly towards them. Friends and Christmas—friends and the New Year—are indissolubly associated in the calendar of feeling and sentiment. It may, therefore, seem an ill-timed cynicism to pause at such a season to ask what words mean which have so universal an acceptance, which are so absolutely familiar to all the world. For, if friends and friendship are not household words, what are? Every one with a roof over his head seems to know all about it. We take for granted we have friends—we cannot doubt that all our readers have many friends. But when we come to think of it, it is perhaps less a matter of course, by a good deal, whether we have—not many friends—but one. Many people, it strikes us, have a great many friends who have not *one*, in any distinct sense; and perhaps this one, where it exists, may indicate a different sort of temper altogether from a great many, as implying a capacity for friendship which is surely by no means necessary for the possession of a dozen, for whom we have nevertheless an amount of sincere regard. There are people who take it as much a matter of course that men have friends as that they have children. That is, friendship with them is a common natural instinct, certain to find a sphere. But we suspect there is no greater discrepancy between general assumption and fact than in this matter of friendship. This suspicion, indeed, lurks in all literature, each generation being pronounced in turn by its satirists and moralists to be especially unfitted by its vices for the practice of friendship. It has, we confess, often appeared to ourselves that our own times are not congenial for its exercise. We have had a theory that men are too much occupied—that the stream of life is too hurried—that people are too independent and full of their own concerns for friendship. We revert to the days before railroads and the penny post and universal philanthropy—from Gray and Mason, Warburton and Hurd, Mrs. Carter and Miss Talbot, up to fabulous ages—and think that was the time for two souls to be linked in a happy, lasting association. But we find Dr. Johnson, who also lived before the now epoch, in his longest words pronouncing multitudes in his day to be “unqualified for a constant warm reciprocation of benevolence, as they are incapacitated for any other elevated excellence by a perpetual attention to their interests and universal subjection to their passions, so that the greater part of mankind content themselves without it.” And it is the same, look where we will. There has always been a golden age, remote from the writer’s experience, in which friendship flourished and left examples for all time. We infer, then, that it has always been a virtue more talked about than seen in full development; and when we attempt to define friendship, it is only too easy to understand why it should be so. Not every one can inspire a purely “disinterested affection, which we suppose friendship must be considered. No one can call natural or conjugal affection purely disinterested, nor yet so nicely dependent on certain definite qualities. Many, we all can see, are devoted husbands and wives, parents and children, who have it not in them to be friends. They have friendly feelings; but for friendship, we must remodel them altogether before we can conceive them chosen friends—we do not any of ourselves, but of *any* body. It being so, we must consider it fortunate that friendship is by no means so essential to most people’s happiness as they vaguely assume it to be. Nobody can do without natural ties of some sort, but we observe that many do very well without the tie of what, in any true sense, can be called friendship, and never know they are doing without it.

But, true as this may be, we are none of us willing to believe ourselves of the obtuse class. We feel capable of friendship ourselves—we would willingly believe ourselves able to inspire it. We feel that something would have been wanting to the development of our nature but for some friend or friends with whom we have shared happy, elevating hours which consciously strengthened and invigorated our moral frame—friends for whom,

while we live, we hope to retain the feelings which now warm our hearts. We don’t talk much in this strain if we are wise, but the sentiment exists all the same. We know the pleasures of sympathy, and how it is when two minds finely strung vibrate readily and truly together. We know the sensation of an exact fit, and how soothing and comforting it is to mind as well as body. The answering glance, the smile, the subtle fusion of feeling—we have our experiences of them all, if it were well to tell them. And wherever there is congeniality of mind and feeling, whether with one or many, this is friendship. It is quite possible to have many friends for whom we may entertain this choice sentiment as far as we go along with them. But the historical typical friendship, where two minds jump in perfect unison, and whose excellences and deficiencies are so disposed that each supplies all that the other needs, is something beyond this. An exact reciprocation and harmony is always assumed to have a touch of the conjugal and exclusive; but, indeed, all friendship implies choice, and choice is generally limited. In this stricter sense, then, there are certainly multitudes who have not a friend. They feel friendly to a great many persons, but that concentration and selection which is implied by friendship is not in their way. To be able—we do not now say to inspire—but to confer direct preference, is not in everybody’s power. Many of the so-called friendliest people we know earn that epithet by caring for everybody equally, confiding in all alike—in *any* one who will listen to their talk and appear to be interested in their concerns, and on whom, by communicating a private matter, they feel for the moment that they are conferring a favour, because they know it ought not to be indiscriminately related. It is hard to be displeased by a confidence to which we have no claim, and yet we must deny to the person who makes it the capacity for friendship properly so called. A real friendship can scarcely be formed till a need is felt; and people who can tell anything to anybody never feel that need. And yet there is the seeming paradox, that youth—the frank, careless, trusting season—is, in fact, the time for making friends. But frankness is only seemingly opposed to reticence. In mere blabbing and incontinence of speech we would back certain middle-aged men and women against all the undergraduates and school-girls in the world; for these have, most of them, still some sanctum in their minds for subjects unfit for promiscuous hearers. And this prompts the idea of friendship. Young people talk confidently of their friends—they never doubt, nor would we have them doubt, their capacity for friendships, and in fact theirs is the time to form them. For as it is certain that pleasure, the indulgence of a natural pure instinct, should, however guided by discretion, be the motive—that is, we should desire to join ourself to another because we like him—so youth and early manhood is the time when these likings are most readily formed and reciprocated. It is true, however, that in most cases where young men think they are forming friendships they are only enjoying present companionship. Time alone can prove whether the sympathy is real or only apparent, or rather, how deep it goes. Circumstances produce apparent congeniality—these change, and the friends go their several ways. It is no reproach to either that, meeting again after ten years, the old feeling subsides into calm good will, the things they now care for meeting with no response. This is not real inconstancy, though it sometimes gets called hard names; but friendship deserving the name must imply some unity of feeling on those points on which both think most deeply, and in which their dearest interests are involved. Daily contact will do much, and near neighbours may, from habit, keep friends who differ on even vital points, but they cannot sustain the feeling in absence. Vows and resolutions may do something to maintain a friendship begun in early youth; but, before the mind is formed, or yet knows its views or its powers, it cannot fix its future relations with other minds, under the ordeal of change and separation; and though mutual services keep friendship in repair, nothing but community of feeling can make it live.

The author of *Tom Brown in Oxford*, in his desire to make young men draw the proper distinction between the true friend and the boon companion, strikes us as giving a very undue prominence to this article of service in the test he offers. “Fancy,” he says, “your friend stripped of everything in the world but a pair of trousers and a shirt, without a name, dropped down into the middle of Holborn or Piccadilly, would you go to him then and there, and lead him from amidst the cabs and omnibuses, and take him home and feed and clothe him, and stand by him against the world to your last sovereign and your last leg of mutton? If you would not, you have no right to call him by the sacred name of friend.” For this predicament to be as real as it seems, it would imply in the imaginary friend an alarming propensity to get into scrapes, which we do not desire to see in any friend of ours. But this is not our main ground of objection. It is quite true that we ought to be ready to make such sacrifices for our friend as are compatible with our other obligations, but Mr. Hughes’ image disturbs that idea of independence and equality which is essential to true friendship, without which it cannot be contracted, and without which, in its full perfection, it cannot exist. There could be no friendship proper between the man dragged thus out of the gutter and his rescuer. A new relation is established—gratitude on one side and patronage on the other. Whenever the equilibrium is violently disturbed, friendship must wane; and the very test proposed is injurious



to the romance and tenderness of the idea. The true friend will not be wanting when the time comes, but he cannot measure his affection by a gauge which seems to insult the object of it.

The popular notion of a friend is one privileged by his regard to make himself disagreeable; and we know, on the highest authority, that it is his duty not to spare us, on fitting occasions for severity. But friendship, though tested and proved by adversity, is, like all pleasant things, nursed in smiles and sunshine. Youth is the time when life is most sunny, and when most characters show some grace and promise; so it is the received time for making friends. But each life has occasional renewals of youth—Indian summers—very congenial for this tie, when the reaction follows on some great trial or sorrow, and the mind is at leisure and open to new impressions. Busy, cheerful middle-life is exempt from the need, it has no time for new interests; and time is essential both for the formation and maintenance of friendship at whatever period contracted. And this gives youth another of its advantages—its time is not filled up by the routine of settled life. Young men can show each other their minds in the lapse of careless, uncounted hours. We are not advocating waste of time, but a friend cannot be won without an expenditure of time that some call waste. Shakespeare uses the word as best expressing the intercourse that nourishes friendship. Antonio wasted the time with Bassanio. Time alone permits those transitions from grave to gay which reveal the whole man; and friendship, however serious, cannot live in seriousness only. That man, it is well said, will not long be agreeable whom we see only in times of severity. A friend should not only be firm in the day of distress, but gay in the hour of jollity. All people, it is true, are not merry or witty under any inspiration, but they must show what mirth they have, and a readiness to be cheered. Shakespeare, indeed, is so impressed with friendship as a joyous, inspiring emotion, that he even bends the heroic type to his model; and the friendship of Achilles and Patroclus is nursed on very much the same aliment as that of two young guardsmen of our own time. As they repose in careless ease, heroes and the deeds of heroes are regarded as "stuff for these two to make paradoxes;" and while Patroclus mimics Agamemnon and old Nestor—

The large Achilles, on his prest bed lolling,  
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause.

Our poet could not conceive of heroic friendship without this absolute careless content in each other's society; and in such mirth alternating with deep counsel, he supposed the friendship was nourished which became immortal. It is true that the merest companionship, the most transient liking may have the same origin; but friendship does not rely on the weight and formality of its opening—that must depend on age and character—but on nobility of nature and the amount of congeniality which time and experience bring to light. For friendship, then, there must at one period have been constant and free conversation. Letters are all very well. The correspondence of close friends furnishes the best examples of letter-writing; and a union of minds thus maintained has the advantage in point of dignity, being free from the rubs and jealousies hardly separable from constant personal intercourse; but we have not much faith in that friendship which is content with letters, and does not make constant efforts for the more genial and closer encounter of hand and eye, of actual face to face. Without this there may be kind feeling and preference; but warmth is wanting, and warmth is essential to friendship.

Thus temperament, rather than any exact scale of virtue, may determine a man's capacity for friendship. It is a high quality; but the best men, as we see them, are not necessarily the most zealous friends. The philanthropist, if engrossed by a great idea, is not in a state for active friendship, nor would we choose the man who feels in all cases sufficient for himself, however much he commands our respect. A bad man, of course, cannot be a friend, for he is selfish and a prey to his lower propensities. But this sentiment being necessarily stimulated by inclination, it is evident that natural graces have it over painfully-acquired virtues. Obvious restraint and conspicuous self-control are often admirable, but rarely attractive; and so long as these qualities are in play, they check all advances towards intimacy. Yet as opposites are often drawn towards one another, even these seemingly forbidding characteristics may suggest ideas of support and reliance to impulsive tempers, whilst the colder nature might in his turn feel the charm of spontaneous, unguarded expression. Whatever defects we have to look over in our friends—and indulgence and toleration are called for in every friendship—one thing we think is essential, that towards the chosen friend, at least, there should be freedom from affectation and the power to forget self. An outer coating of pretence is, perhaps, to be tolerated so long as a man is open and true to us; but if the taint goes deeper friendship is out of the question.

Sincerity joins itself to friendship as a matter of course. We own to preferring the amiable sort which has not a keen eye for our faults. Honesty, and that faithfulness in keeping our secrets the breach of which the wise man treats as the unpardonable sin, follow in the same train; and if our friend joins with these, imagination enough to over-estimate our good qualities, so much the better. Under such conditions, the greatest contrasts of temper and intellect are not only permissible, but motives for choice. If only the pair are so constituted that each can bring out the other's best, all the requirements are amply fulfilled. We cannot

be really the friend of a person with whom we are dull, or sullen, or stupid, or otherwise held in check; and yet intelligent and very good sort of people have sometimes, without deliberate intention, this evil influence over us. We would gladly keep by us on all occasions of life the man in whose company our faculties brighten, who makes us feel clear-headed, far-seeing, original, generous and amiable; nor can he be the perfect friend we have in our eye unless he performs this agreeable feat of magic on all who are so happy as to possess him.

#### WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR PRIVATEERING?

THE North American faction in England has never ceased, from the date of the outrage on the *Trent*, to assert that the risk of collision between belligerents and neutrals is wholly attributable to the obstinacy of the British Government. The *Morning Star*, which caricatures Mr. Bright's preference for foreign countries and his antipathy to his own, daily reiterates the statement that the Federal Government has, on more than one occasion, offered to accept the maritime articles of Paris, with or without a beneficial extension of their terms. It is said that Mr. Marcy's proposal would have rendered the stoppage of the *Trent* impossible, and that the swarms of Federal privateers which are about to torment or annihilate English commerce would have been incapacitated from mischief by the acceptance of Mr. Seward's tardy offers. It is useless to argue against the theory that England is always in the wrong, and always certain to be beaten. Let it be admitted that the *Trent* offered gratuitous provocation to the *San Jacinto*, and that North American privateers will sweep English shipping from the seas, although they may have no unblockaded ports to receive their prizes. Opposite prophecies and probabilities may be set against one another, especially as the anticipations both of Englishmen and of would-be Americans are certain to be coloured by their respective wishes. The events of recent history may be brought to a more definite issue. Whether maritime law is consistent with reason and justice, or unduly severe upon neutrals, it is not true that the American Government has been practically willing to relax it; nor has England, since the Treaty of Paris, opposed any reasonable modification. The United States are exclusively responsible for the maintenance of privateering; and it is by their deliberate choice that, as between themselves and England, the rigorous maxims of former times still prevail against the interests of neutrals. No plan which has yet been proposed exempts contraband of war from seizure; and, consequently, the pretext for violating the neutral flag of the *Trent* would have been neither more nor less plausible if the supposed offers of the American Government had been accepted by England. The prejudices of faction rather explain than excuse apologies for exceeding the law, which are based on the ground that the injured party has formerly concurred in making the law itself too stringent and comprehensive. If the immunities of neutrals are to be tamely surrendered to every wrong-doer, it must be wholly useless to extend them. The limitations on the rights of belligerents which were introduced into European public law by the Treaty of Paris, even if they had not been repudiated by the Federal Government, would have no bearing whatever on the affair of the *Trent*. There was no question, in that case, whether a neutral flag covers enemy's goods, and the *San Jacinto* relied on a regular commission, and not on letters of marque.

The Great Powers of Europe agreed, in 1856, on four propositions, which were immediately afterwards submitted to the American Government for its approval and adhesion. The neutral flag henceforth covers all cargoes; the goods of neutrals on board an enemy's ship are exempt from capture; privateering is abolished; and it is formally declared that blockades are only valid when they are effective. The abandonment of the ancient doctrine, that an enemy's goods might be seized on board any private vessel, was urgently desired by the Continental Powers, and the concession was, on the whole, conducive to English interests. The assertion of the claim has often converted neutrals into enemies; and in any future war it would probably have allied all maritime States with the hostile belligerent. It is not to be assumed from former precedents that England herself may never be in a condition to profit by the enlarged privileges of neutrals. If the United States had not insisted on retaining the extreme rigour of maritime law, English vessels would even now find some security from annoyance in a system which exempted, except in the case of contraband, all cargoes from investigation and from seizure. The second proposition of Paris, by which neutral cargoes are rendered inviolable, had always been asserted by English Courts of Admiralty, in opposition to foreign jurists of different countries. The restriction of blockades, though it was disputed during the war at the beginning of the century, had long since become a recognised rule of public law. If the English Plenipotentiaries made any sacrifice by agreeing that the flag should cover the cargo, they received for their country an ample equivalent in the abolition of letters of marque. The Power which has the strongest navy, and the largest mercantile marine, has the smallest need to employ privateers, and is the most liable to suffer by their depredations.

The Americans have also a large amount of commercial shipping, and, in the contingency of a war with England, their losses

by privateering might probably overbalance the damage which their private cruisers could inflict. Their Government, however, in considering the Articles of Paris, was justified in forming its own judgment of the true interests of the country, and Mr. Pierce, through his Secretary of State, Mr. Marcy, formally rejected the offer of the Great Powers as a whole. He had, of course, no option to divide propositions which were inseparably connected, inasmuch as they formed the general result of reciprocal concessions. To the remainder of the scheme Mr. Marcy offered no objection, but he entered into an elaborate apology for the employment of privateers. It was not, he said, the policy of the United States to maintain a powerful navy, and, in the event of an English war, the contest could only be rendered equal by an appeal to private patriotism to enlist in the militia of the seas. This argument was, like much American rhetoric, utterly without foundation in reality, for a militia ought to share in military operations, and experience has shown that, as might have been expected, privateers never fight. Speculators take out letters of marque for the sake of capturing rich prizes, and not from a disinterested appetite for unfruitful glory. As, however, the President had absolute power over his own decision, it was not worth while to examine the Secretary's reasons. If the Americans thought that their own strength and security would be increased by the use of privateers, statesmen could only acquiesce in their retention of the practice, and democratic philanthropists might be trusted to demonstrate, on fit occasions, that the rejection of a beneficent proposal by America was somehow the fault of England.

Mr. Marcy, notwithstanding his eulogy on privateering, offered to adhere to the Convention of Paris, on condition that an additional article should provide for the total exemption of private property from capture at sea. The proposal, though it was novel and startling, was so highly advantageous to England that the Government would probably have accepted it at once, if it had not been necessary to act in concert with all the Powers who had signed the Treaty of Paris. The communication was received during the latter part of the session of 1856, and Lord Palmerston had only one opportunity of expressing in the House of Commons his disposition to give the project favourable consideration. Perhaps in common with journalists who, in the *Saturday Review* and elsewhere, pointed out the expediency of closing with the American proposal, the English minister may have entertained well-founded doubts of the sincerity of the offer. During the whole discussion, the Cabinet of Washington had, with an agreeable candour, confined their arguments to the discussion of their own interests as belligerents in the probable hypothesis of a war with England; yet, by adopting the Articles of Paris, and by also relieving merchant vessels from the risk of capture, they would have left the English navy at liberty to abandon all care for the protection of the seas, so that an overwhelming force might have been employed in the blockade of every American port. The oversight, if the oddity of the proposal was not rather to be attributed to design, was speedily corrected. Before the English Government had returned any answer, Mr. Buchanan, who succeeded Mr. Pierce, withdrew Mr. Marcy's offer, except on condition that it should be accompanied by an abandonment of the right of blockade, or, in other words, of hostile operations at sea. It would be useless to maintain a navy to fight a hostile navy, when both combatants were precluded from profiting by a victory to inflict any damage on the enemy. Only an American diplomatist could have kept his countenance in making such an offer to the greatest naval Power in the world; yet it is perhaps on the contemptuous silence which formed the only answer of the English Government, that Mr. Bright's partisans rely when they dispute the responsibility of the Americans for the continued rigour of the maritime law.

Neither Mr. Pierce nor Mr. Buchanan had foreseen the possibility of a contest with an enemy who, in default of a navy, would in his turn depend on the buccaneering "militia of the seas." At the commencement of the civil war, exaggerated apprehensions were entertained respecting Southern privateers, and Mr. Seward, with an awkward audacity, endeavoured to avert the danger by volunteering a retraction of the former refusal to acquiesce in the Treaty of Paris. European statesmen would scarcely have affected to believe that a rejected offer remained permanently open to acceptance, nor would any ordinary Power, after supporting alone the extreme rights of belligerents, have proposed to relax them for its own safety and convenience in the middle of a war. It was obvious to Cis-Atlantic understandings that the Confederate States, as recognised belligerents, took with them all the rights of war which were possessed by the former Union at the moment of disruption. The acceptance of Mr. Seward's proposal would have been highly beneficial to England, but it would have involved a shameless breach of the neutrality which had recently been proclaimed. The Government can scarcely claim extraordinary credit for abstaining from a wrongful interference, although pacemongers blame it for not committing a wanton act of war, and philanthropists regret that Southern privateersmen will not be murdered, at least by English authorities, under the false pretence that in contemplation of law they are pirates. Love of country, according to Cicero, includes in itself all other affections; and, conversely, it would seem that hatred of one's native country and its institutions comprehends and outdoes all ordinary kinds of animosity.

## AN ASSAULT OF ARMS.

FEW persons now-a-days either know or care anything about the once famous art of fencing. So long as swords were worn and duelling was not unfrequent, the masters of this art were in high repute, for they taught not only a graceful accomplishment, but also a means of preserving life without sacrificing honour. Fencing is at present only known in this country as a healthful and agreeable exercise, and, even in this character, it receives less attention than it deserves. It will probably surprise a good many readers to be informed that on this day week there was held what was called an "assault of arms" at Willis's Rooms, in which the principal performer was a Polish lady, Madlle. Linowska, who is a professor of the art of self-defence. We are not able to state where this lady finds pupils, or what encouragement she may have received to devote herself to such an unusual study. If she depends upon the curiosity which may be excited to see a lady fence, we should fear that, in this country at least, her prospects cannot be brilliant. It is true that when she appeared last week, a moderate number of persons interested in fencing were collected to witness her performance. But it is scarcely to be expected that even this small success can be repeated, and at the same time we should utterly despair of seeing the accomplishment which Madlle. Linowska teaches take its place among the "extras" of the prospectus of any ladies' school. It may be added, that this fair professor of the noble art of self-defence would be likely to labour under the further difficulty of a want of opponents to draw out her skill. It is obvious that in such a contest a man would get no credit if he won, while he would make rather a poor figure if he lost. In spite, however, of the privileges of her sex, Madlle. Linowska did, on her late public appearance, find three professional antagonists; but it was not at all surprising that her invitation to amateurs to cross foil with her obtained no response.

An exhibition of really skilful fencing ought, we think, to excite more interest than is usually manifested in such displays in England. In the first place, such an exhibition enables the spectator to understand better the many descriptions of duels and other encounters with the sword which occur in novels. Sir Walter Scott has written many spirited scenes which show that he knew something about the use of the sword as well as of other weapons. The description of the combat between Julian Peveril and the long-legged retainer of the Duke of Buckingham, in a London street, is as good as anything of this kind which we remember. The enthusiastic applause of the watermen who form a ring around the combatants, the anxiety of Peveril for the safety of the lady he was protecting, his consequent inattention, and the slight flesh-wound which recalls him to the defence of his own life, the effort by which he rouses himself to vigorous action, and the sudden change in the aspect of the fight when he puts forth all his skill—these circumstances form a picture very different from the hasty dab of an inferior artist, who can only state, in general terms, that his hero is a match with any weapon, or with none, for any enemy or number of enemies who may venture to assail him. The cries of the delighted watermen, "Finely thrust!" "Curiously parried!" "Fairly pinked, by—!" seem to sound in our ears as we watch the movements, in Peveril's master hand, of a weapon which is at once sword and shield. It is difficult for those who have not witnessed a performance of first-rate swordsmen to conceive how perfect is the defence afforded by a slight turn of the wrist, and how small an opening suffices, if promptly seized, to render further defence hopeless. The majority of English people who have any notion at all of what fencing means, have derived that notion from the stage, and particularly from the familiar scene in *Hamlet*. It is a pity that the poet could find no other means of finishing off his characters than by that improbable device of making the fencers exchange foils in a sort of scramble. But it is likely that many observers would be less critical in this respect than ourselves. The scene is usually very effective, and it would be more so if English actors were better trained to use their weapons. An actor of the highest aim, however, takes care to be thoroughly instructed in this as in every other accomplishment which can contribute to win the prize of his ambition. He knows that a well-trained fencer not only handles a sword or a foil like one who understands what he is about, but also that he will gain from this exercise ease, and grace, and dignity in every movement. Before *Othello* has been one minute on the stage, a practised eye can tell whether he has been properly taught to wield the weapon which he wears. The French and Italian actors and singers who appear at our theatres generally set an example in this respect which our own countrymen would do well to imitate. We may mention Signor Mario, among foreign, and Mr. Charles Kean, among English, artists as always handling a sword as becomes the high-born gentlemen whom they may represent. We might name other so-called artists who appear to know no more of this branch of their art than they have picked up in a few brief lessons. It is a common error to suppose that fencing and similar accomplishments may be learned in the short and hasty courses of instruction in which some professors undertake to teach them. Perhaps a little learning is better than none at all, but there is a very wide difference between knowing how to do a thing and doing it. The majority of civilians are not likely to find fencing of much use except as an exercise; and of course its efficacy for that purpose requires not days, but years, to be fully felt. It is, however, strictly



true that every weapon capable of giving a blow or thrust will be guided more effectively by a hand and eye which have been well trained in the lessons of the fencing-school. Certainly all officers, whether of the army, navy, or volunteers, would do well to study how to use the sword which are suspended at their sides. They may, if they have not opportunity for more, confine themselves to learning the ordinary sword-exercise; but if they desire to be neat and quick swordsmen, they should begin by a thorough course of practice with the foil before attempting to handle a more cumbersome weapon. Fencing has, indeed, fallen very far from the high position which it held in the days of the great Italian and French masters, who cultivated it to a degree of perfection hardly conceivable by those who have not read their elaborate treatises and studied the infinite variety of beautiful drawings by which they illustrated them. The practice of fencing can only be recommended now as one among many methods of giving grace and agility to the human frame. But it certainly is unsurpassed in efficacy for these objects; and besides, it supplies a resource which may unexpectedly become valuable, so that its claims are still strong to hold a place in the programme of education of a finished gentleman. We may say further, that it possesses quite an historic interest, and we believe that even an un instructed eye would see in an encounter between two accomplished fencers a very high degree of beauty.

We are not able as honest critics to ascribe to Madlle. Linowska the highest degree of merit as what ought, we suppose, to be called *maîtresse d'armes*. Her method of saluting her opponent and the audience, and the way in which she went through the preliminary exercise of thrusting and parrying in *quarte* and *tierce*, were graceful; but when it came to the real tug of war—that is, when length and strength of limb were wanted for vigorous attack—the opinion which we had ventured to form beforehand became confirmed. And in spite of all those formidable ladies who insist upon the masculine aptitudes of their sex, we shall now venture to assert that fencing had better be left to gentlemen, as being one of the very few things which they are likely to do better than ladies. We of course except such fencing as might be necessary for a lady who should undertake to play Romeo, or Sir Harry Wildair, or any other character from that department of stage business which ladies have either divided with gentlemen or have usurped from them. In a mere exhibition of measured and graceful movements it would be strange indeed if ladies could not at least equal gentlemen. When it comes, however, to that sort of fencing which is meant to represent as nearly as may be an actual combat, there is a demand, not only for ease and grace and quickness, but for force; and here we are compelled to say that Madlle. Linowska would have disappointed us if our expectations had not been moderate. We hope she will not take it ill if we confess to having remembered during her performance that she was a woman, and not a man. To borrow a ladies' phrase, we thought that her performance was very good indeed, "considering." She has a neat and quick defence, but we thought the style of her attack objectionable, and—as we should say, necessarily—it wanted power. Nevertheless, Madlle. Linowska gained a fair share of hits in each of her three encounters, and certainly her success was always handsomely applauded. It may interest some readers to be informed that she wore a short dress of dark velvet, and had in her hair two or three white roses. Round her neck she had only a narrow white collar turned over her dress, and we thought that this exposure of the throat to a chance thrust was as imprudent as it is unusual. We cannot conscientiously say that her performance afforded a very lively entertainment, nor was our cheerfulness enhanced by the vigorous exertions of a brass band which had evidently been used to open-air playing in some very noisy thoroughfare. There were, of course, engagements with sticks and sabres, as well as with foils; and there was also sparring between a short professional boxer and one or two tall privates or non-commissioned officers of the Guards, which we must confess appeared to please the company quite as well as the more elegant performance which they had especially come to see. It would be vain to dissemble the fact that Mr. Plantagenet Green divided the honours of the night pretty evenly with Madlle. Linowska. Mr. Green is a negro whose skin takes a particularly brilliant polish, and whose face has been so flattened by nature that pugilistic art can do but little in the way of levelling its slight protuberances. The *assault* was held in a room often used for philanthropic meetings. Probably it was not the first time that sympathy for the negro had been evoked upon those boards. The only novelty lay in the method.

#### OUR TROOPS AND THE WINTER IN CANADA.

NEVER so much as now have we had cause to regret that the rejoicings of 1858 at the supposed success of the Atlantic telegraph were premature. Within two days of the meeting of the Cabinet Council held to frame our demand, we should have known its effect on the American mind, had that enterprise proved permanently successful. It is, however, useless to repine; and we can only hope that the next attempt may be more skilfully or more fortunately made. Eleven days is the average length of voyages out, and a little less time is usually allowed to vessels homeward bound. Whether the expected answer arrives by a Cunard or Montreal steamer, her name is likely to be long remembered; and all honour to the ship and her captain from whom we learn the first intelligence!

Meanwhile, some description of the country and climate to which we have sent out so many troops, who will necessarily have to stay in it one winter at least, will not be without special interest to many of our readers. During the last week we have seen much written about the impossibility of navigating the St. Lawrence so late as Christmas, and not a little relative to the country and its geography, which we more than suspect to be the production of men who never crossed the Atlantic in their lives.

It is reported that the vessels now chartered by Government have orders to proceed as far up the river as they can get with safety—that they are hired at so much per ton for a definite time, with a large gratuity should they reach Rivière du Loup, and a smaller bonus should they have to land the troops at Bic. No doubt, therefore, every effort will be made, consistent with the safety of those on board, and in case they find it impossible to make even Bic, they will have to put about, and round Cape Breton for Halifax. Thence, probably, they will continue their course round Cape Sable to St. John, New Brunswick, which is nearly 250 miles from Rivière du Loup. But from what we know of the River St. Lawrence in winter, let us consider the chances of the ships reaching the Grand Trunk Terminus, and of our soldiers being spared the fatigue and exposure of crossing the Lower Provinces. Even during the most severe weather, the river at Quebec is seldom *completely* frozen over. Upper Canadian members of Parliament holding their session at Quebec, and other men of business having to travel from one Province to the other, have good cause to be aware of this. The Grand Trunk Railway, running on the north side of the lake and river from Toronto to Montreal, after crossing the celebrated Tubular Bridge at this latter place, runs on the south side of the St. Lawrence to Point Levi. Thence the passengers have to cross by ferry to Quebec on the north side of the river; and this crossing is often accompanied with considerable danger, and always with much inconvenience and exposure. Experienced *voyageurs* take the passengers and baggage in large canoes, which not unfrequently have to be dragged over great masses of ice, not severed from the shore or each other by the action of the tide. Belle Isle, the last land passed by the eastward-bound Quebec boats, and the key of the usual St. Lawrence route, is nearly a thousand miles from Quebec in a north-easterly direction, and for all this distance the navigation is of the most intricate character. As early as the 20th of October in the present year, when the *Norwegian*, the immediate precursor of the ill-fated *North Briton*, left Quebec, the shores in the neighbourhood of Belle Isle were covered with snow to the water's edge. The *Anglo-Saxon* which left Quebec on the 2nd of November, was the last steamer it was considered prudent to despatch by the St. Lawrence route. During the winter months, Portland in the State of Maine, and connected with the Province of Canada by the Grand Trunk, which crosses the border at Island Pond, is the terminus of the Montreal steamers. Now Cape Race, the southern point of Newfoundland, is some 400 miles south of the straits of Belle Isle, and it is by this channel that our ships will now enter the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Any ice at this time of the year in the Gulf will have been washed from the Labrador shore through the straits, and will not be the result of frost in the Gulf itself, or the St. Lawrence. Supposing the ships, then, in safety within the Gulf, they will still have much to do before they round Gaspe and are in the river, properly so called. They will see scenes around them of a somewhat Arctic nature—the ironbound coasts of Newfoundland, Gaspe, and Anticosti, in their winter dress of white, with the dull leaden-looking waves dashing among the shore ice, and hurling aloft myriads of prismatic crystals—whales and porpoises sporting about in the open water, and other sights familiar to the Atlantic voyager. At this season, the Gulf is exposed to very severe storms, and frequent falls of snow render the work of navigation at times almost impossible. Continuous ice of sufficient thickness to stop a *steam* steamer is of later date, and in water constantly disturbed by tide is not likely to be formed so early as the 10th of January.

It is by no means an uncommon thing for the Canadian steamers, making for Belle Isle, to meet great fields of loose ice in the months of May and June. This field-ice is interspersed with icebergs, and the steamers push their way through it at slow speed; the Arctic use of saws, &c., to which we have seen reference made in connexion with this expedition, being never dreamed of. This is the sort of ice our ships are most likely to meet with in the Gulf; but we apprehend that their greatest danger is in the difficulty of navigation with a snowstorm in their teeth, as blinding as a Newfoundland fog. All the steamers of the Canadian line are screws, evidently by far the best adapted to moving in ice, the motive power being defended by the whole bulk of the ship. Besides their objection to paddle-wheels, the captains on this route have greater faith in wooden than in iron-built ships; and the danger of the latter in ice has lately been shown by a most melancholy catastrophe to the *Canadian*, which foundered in the Straits from her bows being stove in by a low iceberg, or large block of field ice. The wood gives to pressure or a blow, whereas the same cause will knock a hole in an iron ship. The greatest danger from icebergs is in summer. These gigantic phenomena are formed during the winter months by the splashing of the waves on the coast of Labrador. Towards the end of May, under the influence of the sun, they become detached from the shore, and float about the ocean to

the north and east of Newfoundland, in solitary magnificence, or surrounded by immense fields of ice, in which venturesome merchantmen are not unfrequently caught and detained for weeks. They are met by Atlantic steamers nearly all the year round, but especially in June. There is no great danger to be apprehended from them just now.

We have now followed our ships to the mouth of the river, and have given some account of the probable scenes around them. Ninety miles up the river is the telegraph station of Father Point, for the interception of news by the Canadian steamers. This point is 180 miles from Quebec, and the river here is at least twenty-five miles in width. In anything like favourable or moderate weather, the vessels can lie in the stream long enough to ascertain the state of the river higher up; and their arrival in sight of the station will be telegraphed to the authorities at Quebec, and thence all through the country, before they are opposite the village. About twenty miles higher up is the much-talked-of harbour of Bic, a small island on the south shore of the river. Some sixty miles beyond Bic is the desired haven, the Grand Trunk terminus at Rivière du Loup. To this place from Bic there is a good coast road, passing through Trois Pistoles and Cacouna, the summer resort of Quebec people during the opposite extreme of temperature to which this country is subject. Even by this time there is good sleighing throughout Lower Canada, and there can be no easier or more expeditious mode of travelling. Where the road is not already worn or where a snow-drift causes a momentary stoppage, a few minutes' work removes the difficulty, and those who follow the leaders, perhaps, know nothing about it. In all probability, however, if the ships reach Father Point, they will be able to disembark the troops at or close to the station at Rivière du Loup.

When once in Canada, the cold of the winter is not worth a moment's consideration, or even the passing allusion made to it by the Commander-in-Chief in his address to the Guards. It has universally been reputed to be the most healthy season of the year, and the statistics of mortality in Canada compare favourably with any in the world. It has often been remarked that, for the first two or three winters in Canada, an Englishman can bear the cold far more easily than a native of the country. Many dispense with a great-coat, and some even with flannel, all the year round; but they may pay for their temerity in future years, and doubtless it is the wisest plan to take all precautions. In hard weather the common dress of the country is fur cap and gauntlets, and a great-coat trimmed with fur—usually of seal or otter skin; nevertheless there are hundreds of well-to-do men in all Canadian towns who, from one year's end to another, remain faithful to broadcloth, and beaver hats. Their ears seem proof against frostbites, and there must be something more, we should think, than ordinary caloric in their veins.

There is always good sleighing for five months in the neighbourhood of Quebec. Men and horses seem inspired with unusual spirits, and the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells adds to the hilarity of the scene. We may perhaps be excused for stating that the word "sledge" is never heard on the other side of the Atlantic. However orthodox its application to winter driving in Germany and the City of the Czars, where *droskies* lifted from their wheels are extemporized into "sledges," it is never applied to the *cutters* and *carioles* of Canada. The very severe weather, that is to say, a range from  $-15^{\circ}$  to  $-30^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit, seldom lasts for more than three days at a time, and the same may be observed of what are called hot "spells" in summer, when the thermometer registers from  $85^{\circ}$  to  $95^{\circ}$  in the shade. The cold is much the least disagreeable of the two extremes. The dry, bracing nature of the atmosphere, the perfect stillness of the air in very cold weather, the absence of all damp or rain, the crisp snow underfoot, and overhead the beautiful sunshine of the clearest blue sky in the world, all promote a buoyancy of spirits, and in the young and active an enjoyment of life in the open air, which certainly need not excite our commiseration.

Quebec, it will be seen by reference to the map, is in latitude a little south of Paris and Vienna. After once landing at Quebec, we are so accustomed to talk of "going west" that we are apt to forget that Toronto, the capital of the western Province, is also 200 miles south of Quebec, or in the latitude of Florence and Marseilles, the course of the St. Lawrence being quite as much north from Lake Ontario as it is east. The excess of cold in these latitudes of the western hemisphere is variously accounted for—by the more connected formation of the continent, the absence of the Gulf Stream, and the large uncleared tracts of forest. With reference to the latter cause, it certainly is quite as common in Canada to hear of "an old-fashioned winter" as it is here in England, where the change, long observable until last winter, had been accounted for in the same way. The winter in Canada is marked by special amusements, and those of a nature congenial with the active habits and taste for sports so happily evinced by our army in the Crimea. At all the large towns there are snowshoeing, curling, and skating clubs, which have been recently warmly patronized by General Williams and his staff. Ice-boating and tobogganing are other winter pastimes peculiar to the country, and many accounts of them have from time to time been put on record by Canadian writers. Great preparations, no doubt, will be made during the winter for a summer campaign, but as we do not think any fighting will take place, even in the event of war, before the opening of navigation, we cannot but congratulate the officers now on their pas-

sage to the country, upon the easy and frequent opportunities of healthful and invigorating exercise. This, combined with the notorious hospitality and gaiety of the country, makes us think that even a pampered Guardsman might be sent to a worse place than Canada.

The plan of operations in which our troops may have to take a part must, to a great degree, of course, be decided by the action of the Americans. We do not know whether our Government will make any attempt to hold the northern section of Maine, through which our Grand Trunk Railroad runs to Portland. Much has been said of a feeling prevalent in that section favourable to an alliance with the British North American provinces. Coming events may prove the truth of this rumour, for which, however, we do not think there are sufficient grounds.

It is not easy to see how the numbers of soldiers now sent out will be housed for the winter. Part of the 30th Regiment, which arrived in Canada last summer by the *Great Eastern*, were obliged to remain under canvas several weeks at Toronto, until the old Government Printing House was prepared for their reception. It will be at Montreal, and through the Kingston and Niagara districts of Upper Canada, that troops will be wanted. At Kingston, our largest military station in Upper Canada, the Tête du Pont Barracks, the Artillery Barracks, and Fort Henry are already occupied. At Toronto, where, by the last accounts, General Williams was busy superintending the erection of a battery, there is even less accommodation; and within the old stockade at Niagara there is not room for many. At Toronto are perhaps the best means of extemporizing barracks at a few days' notice. The system of a "Perambulating Parliament" now holding session at Quebec, leaves empty many public buildings either at one place or the other, easily convertible into quarters. Until that is done, probably some system of billeting will be organized. There are barracks also at London, 100 miles West of Toronto, but too far from the border to be of much use in this emergency. Soldiers will be more required farther on at Goderich, and down at Port Sarnia, our principal trading places on Lake Huron. The towns on the coast of Lake Erie are of less importance, but the counties of Essex, Kent, Norfolk, and Welland along its banks are all fine agricultural districts, and there are many small trading ports and depôts along the lake. In fact it is not easy to say where protection will *not* be wanted. Many of our readers may not be aware that besides the branch of the Grand Trunk running through Maine, there is another branch of the same road at the other end of the Province, also located in American territory. This branch runs from Port Sarnia to Detroit, a distance of about 80 miles, and was constructed to form communication between Lake Huron and the Michigan Central Railway at Detroit. The plan found many opponents at the time, and the present relations between the two countries show the folly of running English railroads through what may at any moment be rendered an enemy's country.

The great loss experienced hitherto in regiments quartered in Canada has not been from death or disease, but from desertion. The soldiers were not proof against the high wages and independence of the labouring classes around them, and by all sorts of unscrupulous means were induced to desert by dozens. This has been especially the case at Kingston, where, after crossing the harbour and opposite island, they were safe on American ground from capture or pursuit. Scarcely a night passed that the booming of a gun from Fort Henry did not apprise the citizens of Kingston that a soldier had gone, but there were few instances of the men being caught. On the ground that they were guilty of stealing their clothes or accoutrements, an appeal was made to the State of New York under the extradition treaty, but it was not allowed, and for many years desertion has been the curse of the army in Canada. In 1814, when Sir George Prevost held the command in Canada, our troops never entered American territory without many of them deserting. We hope that in these days, when the comfort of the British soldier has been made the study of some of the ablest amongst our statesmen, the same cause will not operate against the efficiency of our army.

We have heard many people asking lately whether the great lakes of the Upper Province are frozen over in winter. To such persons we would recommend a simple course of "Natural Science"—enough, say, to carry them through that distinguished school at Oxford—and they will learn that they are no more likely to freeze than the English Channel. They steam all the winter through like boiling cauldrons; but their depth and breadth prevent the process of congelation. The bays and harbours, however, are entirely closed, where there is an island or peninsula forming a breakwater between the main shore and the lake. From Kingston to Cape Vincent, a distance of about twelve miles, sleighs cross for several weeks on the ice; but there are two islands, or at least three miles of *terra firma*, in that distance. The road is marked out with evergreens, and becomes the highway for travellers between Kingston and New York. This is part of the greatest extent of continuous ice to be found on the Lower Lakes, and reaches from Brockville, on the river St. Lawrence, to Belleville, at the top of the Bay of Quinté, a little over a hundred miles; and we should say that the road we have alluded to is its broadest part.

Having now stated—

*Que sit hiems Canadae,  
Quorum hominum regio et qualis via,*



we will conclude with a hearty wish for the safe arrival of the expedition, and an assurance to friends left behind that the glories of a Canadian winter—beautiful sunshine by day, and the clearest starlight at night, streaked with the vanishing bands of the Aurora, of the brightest colours and most varied shapes—are scenes amid which a brief sojourn is rather a subject for congratulation than an occasion for condolence.

#### THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT IN INDIA.

THE assertion of one of the principal Indian newspapers, that Sir Charles Wood has positively determined to change the seat of Government in India from Calcutta to the Hills, is probably premature; but the question is one which before long is sure to force itself to the front of Indian discussion, and it would be a poor compliment to the India Office and the Indian Minister to suppose that it has not already been considered by those who will some day have to settle it. The assumption of supreme rule by the Crown has, by the very difficulties which attend it, thrown light on the system which it superseded, and it becomes constantly clearer that the key of the East India Company's system was the early age at which its servants began their administrative course. It is now well ascertained that a European from the temperate regions, who places himself under a tropical climate in the first strength of manhood, can continue to brave it till a tolerably advanced age, without sacrificing much of his health or any part whatever of his intellectual vigour. But if the experiment be tried a few years sooner or a few years later, it fails in the great majority of cases. A European who goes to India before fifteen, or after thirty, does so, not with the certainty, but with the strongest chance of sacrificing either body or mind, or both. If, then, the new plan of Indian government depends principally upon the employment of Europeans whose experience of India begins at a comparatively advanced period of life, it meets a formidable and (it may even be) a fatal impediment in the dangers of the climate. That it does so depend, seems proved by the course of every single measure of importance which has been tried since the change of the system. The Governor-General has had his power immensely augmented. The army will soon consist almost entirely of European soldiers, the best of whom will be veterans. The great financial reforms have had to be carried out by trained European financiers. The great legal reforms are already requiring a much larger staff of trained European judges. Meantime, in proportion to the demand for experienced men fresh from Europe, the proofs of the perilous venture they make in going to India have been pouring in. Lord Dalhousie returned only to die. Lord Canning, though he has not suffered himself, has seen the fatal blow struck close to his side. Mr. Wilson died. Mr. Laing's health failed him. And it is notorious that, when the two principal legal appointments at Calcutta recently became vacant, the India Office was forced to appoint gentlemen (happily able men) who were already on the spot and acclimatized, from the sheer impossibility of obtaining in England persons at once equal to the position and willing or able to face the climate.

In Calcutta, the perils of the Indian sky and air are fearfully intensified. It has often been said that, if the capital of India were to be fixed anew and to be placed at Calcutta, the mistake would be like that of turning Liverpool into the metropolis of England. A better comparison would be obtained if we supposed that the capital of the United States, before their disruption, had been New Orleans. Like the great city on the Mississippi, and for the same reasons, Calcutta will always be a place of first-rate commercial importance. Situated on the largest branch by which a gigantic river, or rather a gigantic system of rivers, finds its way to the sea, it will always be the place at which the surplus produce of Bengal and Upper India is stored before it is exported, and which will receive from every corner of the world the wares which are to be exchanged for the wealth of those immense regions. But both Calcutta and New Orleans are naturally cities in which men barter their lives for riches. The commercial advantages of both are the proper compensation for the daily risk of death which is incurred by their inhabitants. All over the world the deltas of great rivers are the haunts of dangerous diseases, but in the tropics the malaria of river-mouths is a poison perpetually filling the air. Calcutta, built on a mere thin crust of dry earth above mud of unknown depth, though not quite so subject to epidemics as New Orleans, is probably much more permanently unhealthy. The diseases which prevail are not different in kind from the ordinary diseases of India, but they assume a tenfold deadlier type. The most indurated Anglo-Indian makes up his mind to some form of fever when he removes to Calcutta from other parts of the peninsula, and it is a singular circumstance that while a general change of habits, and the diffusion of temperance, have decidedly diminished European mortality over the rest of India, Calcutta, from some cause or other, has apparently become unhealthier than of old. If the dignity of Calcutta as the capital of India had been anything but an accident of history, its selection for that honour would have been an extraordinary instance of administrative madness. The worst economy, in every sense, of which a Government could be guilty would be placing its chief officials on a spot where neither mind nor body can do its work with its natural efficiency, and where the largest salaries must necessarily be

paid as the price of extreme peril to life and health. Under the system of the East India Company, these disadvantages of Calcutta were of course considerably less. The soldier was moved out of it as promptly as possible. And to the civilian who had braved a tropical sun ever since he was eighteen, the danger was not greater than that incurred by an Englishman who, let us say, should take it into his head to settle in the Essex marshes. The principal inconvenience felt seems to have consisted in the necessity of having the bench of the Supreme Court of the Presidency occupied by far from first-rate English lawyers, who happened to have iron constitutions. But, now that the change of Government requires Europeans fresh from Europe to settle Indian society on a new basis, and now that the Supreme Court has obtained a jurisdiction over all India, the continuance of Calcutta as the centre of affairs will involve a needless waste of money and the impoverishment of the intellectual forces of the whole Empire.

The idea of transferring the seat of government from Calcutta is by no means new. Those, however, who have entertained it, appear to have been chiefly influenced by geographical reasons. The gradual acquisition of Upper and Central India, followed by the subjugation of the Punjab, had completely displaced the centre of gravity of the empire; and many writers who contemplated no immediate change had insisted that Delhi or Agra was the natural metropolis of all India. On the completion of the railway and telegraph system, either of those places would be for all purposes a better capital than Calcutta, and both are infinitely healthier. But, if a step so bold, and entailing so much temporary inconvenience as the transfer of the seat of government were really being carried out, there is no doubt that it would be worth while to move further than the ancient Mahometan capitals, which, though well selected for their object, were selected by Orientals. If the course of administrative change is to continue in the same channel as at present, one consideration is paramount to all others—at what spot in all India can Europeans, whatever be the period of life at which they expatriate themselves, have the most reasonable prospect of preserving unimpaired their bodily health and mental faculties? The condition is satisfied exclusively by the slopes and plateaux of the mountain-ranges, and particularly of the Himalaya. There, alone in all India, is to be found a climate as favourable in most respects to the constitution of Englishmen as the climate of England itself—in some respects actually more favourable.

Thirty years ago, the difficulty of such a change might fairly have been pronounced insuperable. The distance and inaccessibility of even the most promising situations in the Hills would have seemed to neutralize their strongest recommendations. But one result of modern invention is to annul or reduce to a minimum all geographical advantages. A railway and a telegraph would place Simla or Dargaeing pretty nearly on a level with Delhi or Calcutta, so far as locality is concerned; and we now know, from the terrible teaching of the mutiny, that when the sharpest crises do occur in the affairs of the Indian Empire, the point of first-rate importance turns out to be at places where no one would have sought for it beforehand. India, for example, was saved from the Punjab. The true difficulty of transferring the Government from Calcutta is a moral difficulty. Though in itself a measure of far smaller importance than the fusion of the armies, or of the Sudder and Supreme Courts, it would give an even more violent shock to Indian prejudices, and it would be furiously opposed by that very class—the Calcutta merchants and lawyers—who wish it to be understood that they deserve the credit of having first promoted all valuable reforms. But, this impediment once despised or overcome, the undertaking itself would be cheap and easy, considering the facilities which it would procure for the India Office. A not very large expenditure on public buildings would save the Home Government from a necessity which it is believed to regard as fatal to its projects—the necessity of having to look exclusively for its most efficient servants among men who have never known a sphere of thought or exertion beyond the boundaries of India.

#### ENGLAND IN 1787.

A LITTLE time ago we came across a small book which struck us as somewhat of a curiosity—namely, a sort of Hand-Book for French travellers in England just before the outbreak of the great French Revolution. Like so many French books of that day, it is neither anonymous nor yet has it the writer's name in the title-page, but one of those abbreviations which were doubtless intelligible to many people at the time, but which have ceased to afford any information now. A bibliographer might probably find out without much trouble who was "M. L. D—s, de la Société Royale de Londres, et de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres de Paris." We cannot say that we know, but we have many kind friends who, when we do not know a thing, are always ready to tell us; so very likely it will not be long before we know all about M. L. D—s. As yet, we only know something about his book.

He calls his little volume *L'Ami des Etrangers qui voyagent en Angleterre*. It bears date, Paris, 1787. This was just at one of those times when England and English institutions excited special interest and admiration among thoughtful Frenchmen, but when, of course, the means of intercommunication between the two countries were far less easy than they now are. We are

not clear, however, that this lack of easy intercommunication at all necessarily implied greater mutual ignorance. Now-a-days, every Englishman goes into France, and though the number of Frenchmen who come into England has not increased in anything like the same proportion, it is doubtless very much greater than it was in 1787. But we suspect that the few who travelled in those days travelled to much more real profit than the many who travel now. People travel now because it is the fashion. They scamper over a few beaten tracks—they look at the objects which it is the regular thing to look at—and they come back in many cases with a surprising stock of ignorance about the countries which they have gone through. They learn a good deal about the inns, and something about the custom-houses; but of the general institutions of the country, past and present, our travellers often come back knowing just as little as when they set out. Indeed in some cases men travel a good way and hardly know through what countries they have been. We feel sure that a good many people went into Savoy three years back under the full belief that it was part of Switzerland. As for one man in a hundred who climbs Alps troubling himself about the Federal Constitution, that of course is a thing not to be thought of.

When, on the other hand, everybody did not travel, the few who did were likely to travel to much more real purpose. Even the formal "Grand Tour" of an earlier time, which a young nobleman took as the finish of his education, must have been something more instructive, and less hurrying and superficial, than the frantic rushing about of our modern holiday tourists. And when men of other classes, or at a later time in life, set out to travel, they commonly set out to travel with an object. They did not wish merely to get over so much ground, but really to learn something of the lands which they passed through. So, of course, do many travellers now—perhaps a greater positive number than then—but nothing like the same proportion of the whole number who travel at all. The difference of the two modes of travelling comes out very strikingly in the books of travel of the two periods. We have seen our writers of such books gradually driven, as travelling becomes commoner and nearer countries staler, from travels in France to travels in Mesopotamia. China and Japan may possibly soon take their turn, but, be it at Calais or be it at Peking, the object is the same—to make a joke. The Savoyard takes his bear and his monkey and goes through the world "with the comedy." The literary Englishman deals with the world itself as one vast comedy, and often finds it quite needless to take the poor Savoyard's companions in any separate shape. An old book of travels is very different. It is often stupid, often superficial, often full of mistakes; but it is never merely flippant. The writer did not mean merely to make jokes, but to give real information according to the amount of his light. Nobody in the days of our grandfathers would have called a book "The Bridal and the Bride," and we do not see in what century earlier than the nineteenth any room could have been found for Mr. Walter Thornbury.

Our French guide of 1787 would probably seem somewhat dull now-a-days. He wrote before the Napoleonic language and the Napoleonic typography had been invented. A paragraph might, in those days, extend beyond a single sentence, and a sentence might be composed of more than three words. Nor had the language then assumed its present mystic and oracular shape. You had only to master the French Grammar and the French Dictionary, and you could understand a French sentence as easily as an English one. M. L. D. evidently did not write for "sensations." We have found only one passage in which one can discern the faintest germs of the Imperial style. And how feeble it is, after all! In half-a-dozen sentences not one word ends in *-tion*.

Y-a-t-il de la société en Angleterre? Oui et non. Il n'y en a point sur le pied de celle de Paris, de Vienne, de Naples, de Milan: il y en a pour les Anglois. Ils en jouissent à leur manière; et les étrangers peuvent y prendre part. Voici ce que c'est.

M. L. D.'s Journey in England is unfortunately very little more than a journey to London, and to places immediately round about London. He cuts the rest of England short with a very few pages. But we suppose that this was nothing wonderful in an age which thought it something miraculous when George the Third ventured to make longer journeys than between London and Windsor, and when he actually dipped his royal body in the subject waves of the English Channel. It is wonderful how little people seem to have moved in those days—how much less than they move now, how much less than they moved in earlier times. Mediæval kings went up and down their kingdoms, and our present Queen does the same. But King George spent forty years within a circuit of thirty or forty miles, and his predecessors, when they moved at all, moved as far as Hanover. It is therefore not very wonderful if, out of 171 pages of M. L. D., sixteen only are devoted to England in general.

Our guide begins with a very generous appreciation of the position of England, which, four years after the peace of 1783, is worth noticing. England had not lost, by the unfortunate war which that peace terminated, any real portion of the glory which she had gained in the war which ended twenty years earlier. Frenchmen were yet more desirous than before to know something of a people which had resisted so many enemies at once. Our friend's admiration is perhaps a little patronizing in its expression, but still it is real admiration. As there is not a trace

of the modern French style of utterance, so there is not a trace of the vaunting and vapouring which that style commonly accompanies.

The French traveller is warned that on landing in England he will find everything different from what he has been used to on the Continent. The first difference is in the article of travelling. The diversities belong mainly to an age before railways, and even before coaches, but those who venture into the less frequented parts of either country know that some of them exist still:—

"Vous venez de quitter des chemins pavés; vous étiez conduits par des gros paysans de postillons, en bottes fortes et grands chapeaux, montés sur de petits bidets, avec des traits de cordes, et en cabriolets ou chaises à deux roues: vous allez être menés à présent sur des chemins ferrés, en chaises légères à quatre roues (que vous trouvez à chaque poste), par de petits postillons, en bottes molles, et de petits chapeaux ronds, avec deux bons chevaux et des harnois de cuir."

The speed of the journey strikes him, the readiness of everything, the attention which the traveller receives at the inns. All this is the blessed effect of free-trade in post-horses. To be sure you must pay for it; but parting attentions will be redoubled "si vous n'avez point trouvé à redire au mémoire, et donné libéralement aux garçons." The postillions, too, must be well paid. It is useless to threaten them, dangerous to beat them. But then all this is worth paying for. You get money's worth in the form of waiters who wait upon you, and of postillions who take you from Dover to London in a day.

The French traveller in England ought to understand English; still he may possibly get on without. M. L. D. divides his travellers into three classes. There are "voyageurs de la première classe et du grand monde;" there are those who travel for curiosity, "pour voir la campagne, les jardins, le local du pays;" and there are mercantile people who travel on business. The first and the third class have greatly the advantage of the second. The nobility speak French, and so do the merchants, but the plebeian traveller for his own improvement is to be handed over to a French-speaking valet de place. The "première noblesse" speak French, but we should like to have a definition of the class, because it may either mean peers as opposed to untitled gentlemen, or Dukes and Marquesses as opposed to other peers. Among other classes everybody can read French, but comparatively few can speak it; they have but little practice, and are afraid of making mistakes; so there are many people, even "beaucoup d'hommes de mérite et de femmes aimables du premier rang," who cannot speak a word. These worthy people, then, although "du premier rang," do not belong to the class which he calls "la bonne compagnie," for—

La bonne compagnie en général est une même nation répandue par toute l'Europe; parlant la même langue, et s'étudiant à avoir le même ton, les mêmes manières.

London society, in the first rank—"les Pairs du royaume, leurs fils, leurs parens, leurs alliés, ainsi bien que les gentilshommes des provinces [happily, England never contained either a 'gentilhomme' or a province] qui viennent résider à Londres pendant la séance du Parlement"—depends on the usages of Parliament. The uncertain hours of that body prevent dinners—dinners arranged—except on Saturdays, Sundays, and some holidays; but the ladies deal much in assemblies at which but few men appear. They prefer to go from the House to the clubs, and dislike the trouble of dressing.

But Parliament is not composed wholly of this more exalted class of beings. Many of "la bonne bourgeoisie" have seats there; many others who have not, still interest themselves in public affairs, and like to talk about them. These men do not care for great assemblies—they divide their leisure between their clubs and their families. Still the assemblies are numerous, and find many votaries of some sort or other:—

Il n'y a peut-être pas moins de deux cents maisons dans Londres, où se donnent deux, trois assemblées dans l'hiver; en sorte qu'il y a quelquefois trois ou quatre assemblées dans la même soirée. La compagnie commence à venir à neuf heures. Les gens à la mode, hommes ou femmes, qui seront invités à toutes trois, vont à chacune, y restent plus ou moins, les uns entrent, les autres sortent: il y a trois ou quatre cents personnes qui se rencontrent sans se voir, qui se parlent sans attendre la réponse; il y a des tables de jeu répandues dans les différentes chambres; et cela dure jusqu'à une heure ou deux du matin. Dans quelques maisons on donne à souper; mais cela est rare. S'il vient quelques François ou Françaises, on leur fait ce compliment; on croit que c'est ce qu'ils aiment le mieux; mais il ne faut pas croire que ce soit l'usage.

In London it does not do to drop in to dine with a man who has not asked you:—

On courroit risquer de trouver qu'il est allé dîner en ville, ou qu'il a une compagnie assortie, et que sa table est remplie; ou bien, qu'il dîne à son petit couvert, et ne se soucie pas d'être pris au dépourvu.

In country towns people are more sociable than in London, not being fettered by Parliamentary hours, but the same general principles prevail. But where Englishmen are to be seen to the most advantage, and most in their natural state, is in the country houses of the nobility and gentry. There Englishmen are not nearly so dull as people fancy, and the novels which so describe them are not to be believed. But, except in very great houses, it does not do to go without at least telling your friend what day you mean to come.

There is a good deal more that is curious both about social and political matters. Our author is greatly struck with an Englishman's power of doing what he pleases, subject only to the law:—

Il n'y a aucun pays au monde où la liberté et la propriété soient mieux assurées qu'en Angleterre. Personne ne peut être arrêté, ou



mis en prison, sans une cause fondée sur la loi. Celui qui est arrêté, ou ses amis pour lui, peuvent demander, par le droit appelé *Habeas Corpus*, que son procès lui soit fait : si une juste cause n'est pas produite pour le retienir en prison, ou si le cas permet qu'il soit admis à donner des suretés pour comparaitre, il doit être mis en liberté. Tout Anglois a la possession pleine et absolue de ses biens, qui ne peuvent être taxés sans son consentement—i. e., par ses représentatifs en Parlement. Il peut en disposer comme il lui plaît ; déshériter tous ses enfants, ou les uns au préjudice des autres, sans en donner des raisons. Tout Anglois doit être jugé par ses pairs et selon la loi ; il ne peut pas être condamné à une peine plus forte que celle que la loi prononce contre sa faute ou son crime.

London and its neighbourhood are described at length ; but, as we have said, the rest of the island is cut very short. Oxford is however to be seen, Stonehenge, York Minster, and a few other things. We fear from the following extract, with which we shall wind up, that M. L. D. at once admired the "Washy Virtues" and transferred the glory of them from New College to Queen's :—

Je vous recommande, dans *Queen's College*, les peintures sur verre, qui sont au-dessus de la porte ; elles sont modernes ; et il n'y a pas long-temps que le secret, perdu presque depuis l'Ere Chrétienne, a été retrouvé par M. Price et M. Jervys, qui ont exécuté celle-ci sur les desseins du Chevalier Reynolds.

## REVIEWS.

### CRAIK'S HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.\*

PROFESSOR CRAIK has, at different times, published several books on detached portions of the great subject to which he seems to have devoted himself, all of which have been, in their several ways, sensible and useful. He is always clear and straightforward, and deals not in theories, but in facts. Without showing signs of any great or original genius, all that he says is sound and practical, and eminently distinguished by good sense. We are, therefore, very glad to receive from him a larger and more connected work on a subject with which he has as yet only dealt in a fragmentary way.

Professor Craik begins at the beginning and goes on to what is as yet the end. He has a chapter on what he calls the Victorian Era ; and though he professes only to begin with the Norman Conquest, he really does begin much earlier. He professes to confine his history to the English Language and English Literature after they assumed such a form as to be intelligible at the present day. The earlier primitive English he deals with only by way of introduction. But Professor Craik's introductory matter really amounts to a very clear, and, we should think, for the "general reader," a very full exposition of the true relation in which Old-English stands both to modern English and to the cognate languages. And it is delightful to find in Professor Craik another writer whose ideas are clear enough to allow him to call things by their right names, and to allow the existence of Englishmen and an English language from the first beginnings of the Teutonic Conquest of Britain. The silly custom of talking about "Saxons" and "Saxon"—the source of more misconception and confusion than one can reckon up—has become so thoroughly inveterate that great praise is due to any writer who is bold enough to follow Dr. Guest in speaking of our forefathers by the name by which they called themselves then, just as we do now. Professor Craik once falls into the vulgar way of talking of "Saxons" as opposed to "Normans ;" but he has the moral courage to correct it among his errata, like any other accidental blunder. The whole of Professor Craik's chapters on this head are singularly good ; and it is a great point to get rid of a nomenclature which contained so utterly senseless a name as "Semi-Saxon" to express the English of the thirteenth century. "Original English," "Second English," "Third English," are perhaps a little awkward, but they are at least accurate and have a meaning, and are so far immeasurably to be preferred to the common nomenclature. We are inclined to think that Professor Craik rather overstates the utter deadness of the Old-English language. That it is unintelligible without being specially learned, and that so far it is another language, is undoubtedly true ; but it is true also of the older form of most other European languages. And we think that the Professor also overstates the influence of the Norman Conquest on the general break-up of the Old-English forms, inflexions, &c. Surely what happened in England in this respect was only a rather stronger case of what has happened to the other Teutonic tongues. Germany and Scandinavia were never overrun by Romance conquerors, yet even the comparatively extensive inflexions of the classical High-German are mere fragments of the original Teutonic stock, while in the Low Dutch and Scandinavian languages the break-up has been nearly as complete as in English. The Norman Conquest doubtless made the change speedier and more complete, but it did not originally cause the tendency. Its really important result was the bringing in the first settlement of Romance words into our vocabulary, and thereby opening the door for later and far more mischievous importations. This was not an immediate result ; its effect was but small as long as both languages were spoken side by side ; it was when

the French-speaking classes in England finally began to speak English, that the important French infusion into our language took place. But in all this there is much that is matter of opinion—much that is perhaps a mere question as to ways of stating the same thing. Professor Craik's whole way of dealing with the early stages of the language is thoroughly good, and will be specially serviceable coming where it does, in a general history of English Literature. The only positive error which has struck us is the strange notion that the Finnish population of Europe is a late wave—later than the Slavonic—instead of a remnant of the very earliest inhabitants. We mean, of course, the Northern Fins, not the Magyars, whose immigration comes within historical times.

Professor Craik's book, going as it does through the whole history of the language, probably takes a place quite by itself. We have philological books treating of our earliest literature, and we have critical books treating of our latest literature, but we do not know of any book which, like the present, embraces both. Of course we do not expect Professor Craik to deal with any part of this great subject so minutely as those who devote themselves to particular parts of it. The great value of the book is its thorough comprehensiveness. It is a great point to have a good general view of this kind—to have the earlier parts treated by one conversant with the later, and the later treated by one conversant with the earlier. He gives a sketch of the life and writings of every important English writer from the beginning onwards, with considerable specimens of their style. These last are, of course, most valuable in the earlier stages of the work, where the interest is mainly philological ; but they are very useful also in the case of those many later writers with whose names people are familiar, though they often have not read a single page of their writings. And we need hardly say that the amount of attention given by Professor Craik to particular authors is not necessarily measured either by their general reputation or their general merit. It would have been inconsistent, for instance, with his purpose, to stop and write any long story about Shakspeare or Milton. They have their place, and a more conspicuous place than other people, but still only their own place among others.

The writer, old or new, on whom Professor Craik dwells with the greatest delight is Chaucer. He is clearly his own favourite, and he holds that the world does not fully appreciate him. Chaucer indeed claims a double place in a history of the English language and literature. He is at once a great writer, worthy of admiration for his own sake, and he also marks an important stage in the development of the language. His writings mark the final triumph of English over French, but they mark also the time when the greatest infusion of French words into English took place—that is to say, the inevitable though tardy result of the Norman Conquest. The classes who had formerly spoken French were now fast adopting English, but they naturally brought in many French words with them. Chaucer, too, is important as the father of some of our principal forms of metre—a point which Professor Craik examines at some length. He holds, with Tyrwhitt, that the metre of Chaucer is quite regular, allowing for the final *e*, which was then pronounced in many words in which it is now silent. Altogether this is one of the best parts of Professor Craik's book.

In his notice of Barbour, Professor Craik has some good remarks on what is called the Scottish dialect—that is, of course, simply the most northern form of English. The ambiguity of the words Scot and Scottish—their political and linguistic meanings being quite different—has given rise to many confusions. People are generally slow in understanding that Lowland Scotch is simply English—older and purer English than the English of modern literature—that it is simply what classical English would have been if York had (as it well might have) become the capital of England instead of London. Professor Craik holds that some peculiarities of the later Lowland Scotch, chiefly in vocabulary and pronunciation, are due to the long connexion between Scotland and France ; but they do not affect the general character of the dialect, and he holds that in Barbour's time they had not yet been introduced. In the following passage he states his case very clearly :—

In Barbour's day, the language of Teutonic Scotland was distinguished from that of the south of England (which had now acquired the ascendancy over that of the northern counties as the literary dialect), by little more than the retention, perhaps, of a good many vocabularies which had become obsolete among the English, and a generally broader enunciation of the vowel sounds. Hence Barbour never supposes that he is writing in any other language than English any more than Chaucer ; that is the name by which not only he, but his successors Dunbar and even Lyndsay, always designate their native tongue : down to the latter part of the sixteenth century, by the term *Scotch* was generally understood what is now called the *Gaelic*, or the *Erse* or *Irish* (that is, Irish), the speech of the Celts or Highlanders. Divested of the grotesque and cumbrous spelling of the old manuscripts, the language of Barbour is quite as intelligible at the present day to an English reader as that of Chaucer ; the obsolete words and forms are not more numerous in the one writer than in the other, though some that are used by Barbour may not be found in Chaucer, as many of Chaucer's are not in Barbour ; the chief general distinction, as we have said, is the greater breadth given to the vowel sounds in the dialect of the Scottish poet. The old termination of the present participle in *and* is also more frequently used than in Chaucer, to whom however it is not unknown, any more than its modern substitute *ing* is to Barbour.

It is quite impossible to follow Professor Craik through the whole of the vast subject which he has undertaken. As he advances towards our own time, his remarks naturally become

\* *A Compendious History of English Literature and of the English Language, from the Norman Conquest.* With numerous Specimens. By George L. Craik, LL.D. 2 vols. London: Griffiths, Bohn, and Co. 1861.

less and less philological, and more and more critical, or what is called literary. When he reaches contemporary literature, what he calls the "Victorian Era," his remarks get more general. Among the points he comments on are the predominance of prose over poetry as contrasted with the early part of the present century, the predominance of narrative in various forms over other forms of literature, and the amazing development of female authorship. The relative position of the two portions of the century with regard to prose and poetry, he connects with the historical character of the two periods:—

The age in question, at any rate, will hardly be denied by any one who remembers it to have been in these countries, perhaps from the mightier character of the events and circumstances in the midst of which we were then placed, an age in which the national heart beat more strongly than it does at present in regard to other things as well as this. Its reception of the great poems that succeeded one another so rapidly from the first appearance of Scott till the death of Byron was like its reception of the succession of great victories that, ever thickening, and almost unbroken by a single defeat, filled up the greater part of the ten years from Trafalgar to Waterloo—from the last fight of Nelson to the last of Wellington. No such buzzes, making the welkin ring with the one voice of a whole people, and ascending alike from every city and town and humblest village in the land, have been heard since then. . . . You might as well reckon new farthings against old sovereigns as even Chinese and Crimean wars against that tremendous contest in which, sometimes standing alone against the world in arms, England fought, not for some point of foreign policy, but for her very existence. Victory then was not only glory and triumph, but deliverance from destruction. The difference was as great as between catching a pickpocket at your handkerchief and feeling a knife at your throat.

The results of peace, according to Professor Craik, tell also in another way—in constant foreign influences affecting our language and literature. The imitation of German models seems to him the distinctive feature of our own time. Not that he at all quarrels with German or any other foreign importations—he is, to our taste, rather too liberal in welcoming them. It is certainly true that the study of German is one of the most distinctive characters of our time; but it does not follow that German influences are, in language at least—whatever they may be in matters of thought—at all the most important. German has its influence, but it has neither the most extensive nor the worst influence. The real enemy is France. The French language, having utterly corrupted itself, is corrupting English, and, for the matter of that, is busy corrupting German too. It moves one's indignation to take up some German books and see half the verbs ending in *-iren* and half the nouns in *-ität*. And Germany, which can still coin native words at pleasure, has not the excuse which we have. Professor Craik says:—

Least of all can our own English set up any pretensions to the absolute purism which is sometimes held to be the chief virtue that a language can possess. The English, whatever it may have once been, is now at least no longer a maiden language but a married one. It has been that for these last eight centuries, and our literature for all that time has been continually receiving new blood or new life from some other literature. As for the Latin part of the language, which it is common to hear spoken of contemptuously as its foreign element, the alloy of the native gold, it has been largely and freely employed by every one of our great writers, whether in verse or in prose, without a single exception, from Chaucer downwards, but never more largely and freely than by some of the most popular writers of the present day. What would either the prose of Macaulay or the poetry of Tennyson or of Mrs. Browning be without its words of Latin derivation?

Now no rational person wishes to get rid of words of Latin derivation. The original Norman settlers have been thoroughly naturalized; and the later French and Latin importations are constantly useful and necessary in their right places. Lord Macaulay used both freely—everybody must—but Lord Macaulay used them only in their right places, which very few people do. His essays both on Bunyan and Johnson show how completely he entered into the true position of the different elements of our language, and the several claims of each. Lord Macaulay used words of Latin origin freely, but no writer was farther removed from that Napoleonic jargon of the newspapers which requires utter ignorance of Latin as a pre-requisite. The Latinizing affectation of Johnson, and even of Sir Thomas Browne, is, after all, a scholar-like affectation. The rubbish of "ovations," "allusions," and "interpellations," is a mere product of ignorance. What Professor Craik says here hardly agrees with his own excellent summary of the history of the language in his preface:—

The scheme of the course and revolutions of the language which is followed here, and also in the later editions of my *Sketches of the History of the English Language*, was first announced by me in an article published in the *Dublin University Magazine* for July, 1857. It is extremely simple, and resting not upon arbitrary, but upon natural or real distinctions, gives us the only view of the subject that can claim to be regarded as of a scientific character. In the earliest state in which it is known to us, the English is both a *homogeneous* and a *synthetic* language—homogeneous in its vocabulary, synthetic in its grammatical structure. It has since—though, of course, always operated upon, like everything human, by the law of gradual change—undergone only two decided revolutions, the first of which destroyed its synthetic, the second its homogeneous, character. Thus, in its second form, it is still a homogeneous, but no longer a synthetic, language. In its third, it is neither synthetic nor homogeneous, but has become both analytic in its grammar and composite in its vocabulary. The three forms may be conveniently designated—the first, that of Pure, or Simple English; the second, that of Broken, or Semi-English; the third, that of Mixed, or Compound, or Composite English. The first of the three stages through which the language has thus passed may be considered to have come to an end in the eleventh century; the second, in the thirteenth century; the third is that in which it still is.

In another paper, published in the *Dublin University Magazine* for October, 1857, I applied this view to the explanation of the action upon the language of the Norman Conquest, the immediate effect of which was to

produce the first of the two revolutions—its ultimate effect to produce the second. I there, also, gave an account of the examination of the vocabulary of our existing English instituted by Dr. J. P. Thommerel, in his *Recherches sur la Fusion du Franco-Normand et de l'Anglo-Saxon*, published at Paris, in 1841, in which he showed, in opposition to all previous estimates, that, of the words collected in our common dictionaries, instead of two-thirds being of native origin, as usually assumed, and only one-third of Latin or French extraction, the fact is just the other way—two-thirds are foreign, and only one-third native. I proceeded to remark, however, that of the words in common use, both in speaking and in writing, which may be taken as about 10,000 in number, probably full a half are pure English; and that of those in common colloquial use, which may be about 5000 in all, probably four-fifths are of native stock. "And the 4000 or 5000 non-Roman words," I added, "that are in general use (4000 in our common speech, 5000 in literary composition), compose all the fundamental framework of the language, all that may be called its skeleton or bony structure, and also, perhaps, the better part of its muscular tissue."

We admire Professor Craik's book so much on the whole, that we hope we shall incur no suspicion of other than friendly intentions in pointing out a few slips in its earlier portion. Thus it is not said in any "Life of Becket," that "the Earl of Arundel stood up, and made a speech in English," (p. 52.), but that he spoke in his *native tongue*—that is, doubtless, in French. Professor Craik, following Warton, (i. 87.), says that Giraldu's love of science was so great that he refused two bishoprics. Doubtless he refused two bishoprics, but only because his heart was set upon a third. We doubt much whether the practice of presenting Italians to English benefices "contributed to introduce many learned foreigners into England." The evil was that these foreigners never resided, and so carried the income of their livings out of the country. Here, again, Professor Craik is misled by Warton. We do not see that the statutes of the University of St. Andrews (quoted i. 352) "illustrate the easy morality of the time." Professor Craik makes Bishop Kennedy forbid the students "to keep concubines publicly," as if they might privately. But the Latin which he quotes in his notes is "*quod non habebant publicas concubinas*." That is simply a prohibition of the form of immorality most likely in a University, and which gives proctors most work to this day.

#### NORMAN SINCLAIR.\*

MOST Englishmen will feel a sensation of absolute dismay steal over them when they first sit down to read these volumes. Professor Aytoun is, if not a poet, a man with a considerable command of poetical language. He has contributed to one of the most successful collections of parodies in the language, and his short stories have had great success. It might, therefore, have been supposed that, when he took the trouble to compose a three-volume novel, he would write a lively, entertaining, and able book. On the contrary, *Norman Sinclair* is prosy, rambling, and overloaded with twaddle. It is, moreover, written throughout a great part of its contents in that curious style which finds so much favour in Scotland. It is marvellous what a passion all Scotchmen, except the very ablest, have for a sort of mooning grandiloquence. The use of the longest possible words, in the longest possible sentences, about the simplest things, is almost as distinctive a characteristic of Scotch-English as an entire absence of grammar is of American-English. The kind of thing that abounds in *Norman Sinclair* is like this. Two young men are staying in Switzerland, and one proposes a walk. The language which he selects is as follows. "Carlton," said I, "if it were not for a certain remorse I feel in interrupting the task you ply so diligently, I would propose to you a walk along the mountain side." This is not very lively reading, and as there is no plot in the book, and as no one could pretend to feel any deep interest in any of the characters, *Norman Sinclair* can scarcely be called a successful novel. But yet it is not without merit of its own, and when we have got used to our disappointment at its not being better, and have grown hardened to its style, we can find something in it to interest and amuse. Professor Aytoun has really given an account of the events of his own time which have most interested him, and strung his descriptions on the thread of a story. He has directed the attention of the reader to subjects which have largely engaged his own, and thus lends a kind of personal attraction to the story. There is also a certain power of narration and a contrivance of minor incidents which carry us pleasantly along. The subordinate characters are occasionally well conceived; and if their rank in life is too humble to permit them to talk the aspiring Scotch-English of their betters, there is often some fun and sprightliness in their talk. A Scotch surveyor and an American speculator do something to lighten the heavy load of pompous nothings which Mr. Aytoun assigns to those whom he delights to honour. Anyone who will take the trouble to stick to a book which is disappointing at the outset will find that either the story of *Norman Sinclair* gets better, or he gets more accustomed to the author's way as he proceeds; and the more he perseveres the less his perseverance costs him.

The first subject which Professor Aytoun sets himself to handle is the Reform movement in Scotland in 1831. His hero announces at the beginning of the work, which is an autobiography, that he is a Christian and a Tory, and he devotes himself throughout to the advocacy of all that is right. The author cannot conscientiously say that the old system of Scotch elections was a good

\* *Norman Sinclair*. By W. Edmondstone Aytoun. London: Blackwood. 1851.



one. He owns that it could scarcely have been worse, and blames the Tories for not having reformed it earlier. However, he is not going to let the Liberals off because they happened to be in the right, and so he invents a series of election scenes in order to show what unscrupulous jobbers and profound humbugs they really were. He skilfully places his hero on the Whig side, although a Tory in feeling. Norman Sinclair is supposed to be a clerk in the office of a solicitor engaged to support the Whig interest in a county, and Professor Aytoun deserves credit for the ingenuity of the contrivance. It would have been hard to make anything very heroic of the Scotch Tory candidate of those days; and it would have been painful to paint the intrigues of persons so noble and immaculate as all Tories must be. But, by sinking the Tories altogether, except that they are allowed to win in the end, and by confining his account to the Liberals, Professor Aytoun has an opportunity of painting what elections used to be in Scotland, while he associates all that was worst in them with his enemies; and as his young man is a Tory, he has an easy vehicle for expressing his own running commentary on all the proceedings of such wretches as Liberals must be. He is not, however, satisfied with this. He makes his leading Liberals express, in strict confidence to each other, what nonsense they know all the clamour for reform to be, how they hate the mob, how sure their triumph will be to ruin the country, and how ashamed they feel at what they are doing. As far as we are aware, this is a new stroke of opposition in the controversial novel, and we must congratulate Professor Aytoun on the idea of revealing the secret repentance of his adversaries. The device is evidently capable of the widest application, and lady novelists who are High Church or Low Church may learn to tease their adversaries very effectively if they follow them to confidential talks in dressing-gowns and slippers, and make them disclose what nonsense they think working slippers for missionaries or dressing like nuns really is. Professor Aytoun, however, seems to have been struck with the singularity of the fact, that although no one in Scotland is really a Liberal, yet for the last twenty years the great majority of Scotch members have sat on the wrong side. He accounts for this by observing that Scotland is subject to fits of hallucination which operate much more powerfully and last much longer than any one could expect. "She is now," he says, "labouring under the delusion that she is Jenny Geddes." Of course, if that is the real account of modern Scotland, there is an end of criticism. A nation that thinks itself Jenny Geddes must be left to take its own line, while its neighbours look on in wonder.

The railway mania of 1844-5 next attracts Professor Aytoun's attention. He has written about railways and railway doings before, and he returns with delight to the familiar subject. Again we have to notice and commend a bold contrivance. He makes Mr. Hudson the father of the heroine. This combines history with romance in a very ingenious way. Here, too, the hero comes out in strong relief to those with whom he is most mixed up. He will not buy a share of any kind. He regards railways as the work of the Evil One, and although his future father-in-law offers to put him up to a neat thing or two in the railway market, he resolutely declines. Of course he is rewarded. The line recommended goes to utter smash in a week, whereas the prudent Norman not only buys land with his money, but gets a lovely estate, situated in the most romantic part of Scotland, and yielding a handsome income. The fortune of the millionaire, on the other hand, crumbles into ruin in a day, and he is only rescued by his daughter's lover from the imputation of forging scrip. A rascally secretary and a Jew combine to issue scrip in imitation of real scrip, and adroitly manage to make the millionaire sign the counterfeit; so that, when the forgery is detected, it seems as if the great man himself must have been privy to the fraud. Norman gets a detective to support him, and sets off to the provinces to secure the Jew. This, after a good hunt, he does, and his adventures in search of his prey are about the best part of the book. We know the Jew will be caught, and we know that as many words will be expended on the capture as possible. But the incidents are well imagined, and the capture is arranged in a way we should not have expected. For, contrary to the usual traditions of fiction, it is the detective policeman who fails to trace the swindler, and gets into sad trouble with burglars, while it is the inexperienced gentleman who lays a trap into which the Jew falls, and so has all the glory of the enterprise.

This Jew is a great person in the book. He does all the villainy, and goes through the usual career of a ruffian and swindler. But he does more than this. In the first place, he plays the part of Palmer and kills his Cook. Professor Aytoun took interest in that famous trial, and his method is to put in his novel all that he remembers to have cared about. So the well-known tale of crime is told again. The Jew goes with his victim to a racing town, and has a wonderful horse on which they are going to win a mint of money; but the horse does not win, and the Jew, foreseeing that such a catastrophe was possible, has prepared the way to an escape from his embarrassment by a judicious use of strychnine. He has insured his young friend's life, and so has every motive to give the pills in the exact manner that Palmer did. The incident, however, occurs too late in the book to have a trial for murder. So, instead of an abridgment of Sir A. Cockburn's celebrated speech, we have an intimation that the strychnine did not act quite properly, and Cook is not killed. But

the Jew comes to a bad end, and has to poison himself in prison. This he does at the instigation of his mother, who has been convinced by a discussion of elderly rabbis and leaders in Israel, that one of the chosen people ought not to allow himself to hang on Gentile gallows. The whole of this discussion is set out at great length, and is introduced between the final happiness of the lovers and their marriage. We are not aware what is the source from which Professor Aytoun borrowed this curious scene; but he must have been very much struck with the original, whatever it may have been, or he would have scarcely detained us to listen to so very many long speeches from so many Jews just as we were reckoning that all difficulties were smoothed away, and there was nothing to delay the end of the book.

Far, however, before all other objects, with Professor Aytoun, has been the wish to explain, illustrate, and enforce his political creed. *Norman Sinclair* is from first to last a Tory manifesto. The old and the young all combine to talk Toryism on every possible occasion. The lovers are strong Tories, even in their sweetest hours of bliss. There is a model peer, who is all refinement, and elegance, and generosity, and who is as true as blue can be, and who calls in a Chartist leader to a private conference, and converts him on the spot. It is not, however, very easy to see what this Toryism is which holds so large a place in the author's estimation. It is much more a sentiment than a belief, and it is a sentiment of opposition far more than of adhesion. To dislike people who are not willing to be governed by gentlemen seems its only salient characteristic, and this, though a legitimate and honourable feeling, is scarcely sufficient for the ardent attachment which the persons in the story feel for their party. Professor Aytoun has his fling at all the pet objects of Tory aversion. He invents a Corn-law League lecturer, who is hired to run down the bloated aristocrats as if they were pickpockets, but who is turned off to starve when he happens to let fall a few unpleasant observations on mill-owners. He also attacks Sir Robert Peel, and explains how it happened that the true genuine Tories found it incumbent on them, as men of stern principle and a rare sense of high honour, to break off with Sir Robert and deliver themselves over to Mr. Disraeli. Further than this, the Tories of *Norman Sinclair* do not appear to have much to tell us. They scarcely belong to the present world at all. There are plenty of men alive who think much in the same way as Professor Aytoun's heroes; but no one of a younger generation would consider their opinions worth embalming in a work of fiction. The Tories whom Professor Aytoun draws are simply exponents of the feelings of a man who has once had strong political sentiments. We can only take interest in these Tory feelings because they belong to the writer himself, and have thus the freshness of an autobiographical record. We may like to know how Professor Aytoun and the Scotch Tories of his generation felt about politics, although the opinions themselves, apart from the persons, are not of much value now. Another generation may scarcely understand what these opinions were, and a political antiquary may some day turn to the pages of *Norman Sinclair* for instruction.

#### ALISON'S LIVES OF LORD CASTLEREAGH AND SIR C. STEWART.

Second Notice.

LORD CASTLEREAGH'S connexion with Mr. Pitt, when the former exchanged the Parliament House at Dublin for Westminster, is a subject of some interest. In what relation he stood to the great Minister, what Pitt really thought of him, how much Castlereagh learned, and how much he missed learning, of his master's ideas and manner of governing, we should be glad to know more exactly. It is clear that Pitt thought highly of him, and was desirous that he should come forward in public life; it is not so clear how far he liked him and trusted him. It is also clear that Lord Castlereagh imbibed in its full strength Mr. Pitt's hatred and fear of French democracy under its last form of military empire, and that deep and clear conviction of the incompatibility of even its existence with the peace and liberty of the world, which became the one dominant and almost exclusive principle of Lord Castlereagh's political life. It seems also certain that Pitt's most intimate friends viewed Lord Castlereagh with jealousy and ill-will. We see from Mr. Rose's "Diaries" how they affected to believe that Pitt's attempted Roman Catholic policy in 1801 was owing to the mischievous influence and ill-grounded representations of the late Irish Secretary—how bitterly they resented what they called Castlereagh's "vacillation" and "desertion" in taking office under Addington, though Pitt himself declared that Castlereagh had done so at his own particular and pressing entreaty—how angrily they charged him, after Mr. Pitt's death, with aspiring to be the representative, instead of Mr. Pitt's own friends, of Mr. Pitt's ideas. The King expressed himself to Mr. Rose about him in 1804 "with a great deal of indifference," and disliked the idea of his holding high office, for fear that he might put himself at the head of an Irish party. Yet this suspected and unpopular Irishman, distrusted even by those of his own side, and scorned and vituperated by the brilliant Liberal Opposition, gradually worked his way upwards and took Mr. Pitt's place; and his rise was the result neither of violent and restless pushing, nor of commanding character and manifest genius, nor of the necessity of keeping a troublesome man quiet and out of mischief. There is something in this which might

have attracted a biographer's interest. But we look in vain into Sir A. Alison's pages for any explanation of it. The events of the years during which Lord Castlereagh was a subordinate in office are described in a long chapter, in which there is a great deal more about India and Persia and Continental politics than about Lord Castlereagh; but it is simply assumed, as the most natural thing in the world, that he and Pitt were the co-ordinate master-spirits of the time. "His intimate acquaintance with Mr. Pitt imbued him with a complete knowledge of the views of that great statesman, especially on the all-important subject of the contest with the French revolutionary power." This single sentence is all that Sir A. Alison gives us about Lord Castlereagh's relations to Pitt; but to make up, he indulges in a burst of feeling, and reflects "how seldom in this world is wisdom and patriotism thus privileged to leave its mantle to a successor, and find in a kindred soul and congenial character the fitting depository and destined accomplices of its greatest designs." When Castlereagh became President of the Board of Control, his first English office, Sir A. Alison calls on us to observe how curiously his "master mind at once took the lead in the Cabinet;" but the only proof offered consists of some memoranda bearing on the ill-managed negotiations of Mr. Addington which followed the Treaty of Amiens. When Pitt came into power again, and six months before his death placed Lord Castlereagh at the War Office, we are told of the "wisdom of Mr. Pitt's and Lord Castlereagh's policy in continuing the war;" and the two years of the Whig Ministry are set up as a "commentary by way of contrast upon those of Mr. Pitt and Lord Castlereagh." In fact, Lord Castlereagh is made to throw Mr. Pitt into the shade; for Mr. Pitt, with all his talents, did not understand war, and Lord Castlereagh, "whose disposition and turn of mind were essentially warlike," and whose military "views were, unfortunately, in advance of his age," did. Lord Castlereagh, but for the faults and dilatoriness of others—and among these others must have been Mr. Pitt—would have either prevented or avenged Austerlitz. "The preparations," says Sir A. Alison, in a sentence, the meaning of which we gather rather from what we know of the writer's intention than from the words employed—"the preparations made by Lord Castlereagh for supporting the common cause in Germany, if the contest had continued, were on a very extended scale, and amply justified the sanguine views which he entertained as to the efficiency of a powerful body of British troops acting together, and judiciously thrown in on the theatre of Continental warfare." It is a new thing for "preparations" to be made the test of "efficiency," and "judicious" use. But another comment of Sir A. Alison's is still more curious. "The influence," he thinks, of the overthrow of Austria at Austerlitz "was considerably lessened by an event which happened soon after in Great Britain. This was the death of Mr. Pitt." The sequence is startling; and it is left unexplained. But Sir A. Alison goes on to talk of the desponding views of Pitt, and to observe that he "left his mantle to a worthy successor, and that before ten years were elapsed his hopes were more than realized, and the whole objects for which he had contended had been attained." Such observations hardly console us for the fact that, out of seventy pages devoted to Lord Castlereagh's service under Pitt, his biographer cannot give us one to describe the way in which that mantle fell.

Lord Castlereagh's war policy had one clear and great merit—its tenacity and patient inflexible perseverance. Everything that has come to light of late years from the other side of the Channel shows more and more certainly the hollowness of all the brilliant harangues in favour of a peace policy, and justifies more and more triumphantly that life-or-death struggle which England kept up against the most implacable and faithless conqueror who ever threatened the liberty of the world. There is something almost magnificent in Lord Castlereagh's steady and passionless measuring of the depth of Napoleon's nature and purposes, and of the cost and effort necessary for the absolute destruction of his power, and in the unmoved and unflinching resolution with which he stood up against the storm of abuse and galling eloquence to which he had to submit with but very inadequate powers of defence or retort. He lived in the conviction—a conviction as permanent and pervading as his consciousness of light and air—that the struggle was a final one, and that the issue must be fatal to one or other of the combatants. Nothing daunted him—not failures, blunders mercilessly exposed, tentative efforts made in vain, vast and costly enterprises miscarrying, suspicions of incapacity, popular outcry, heart-sickening delay of success. With a kind of noiseless unexcited determination, patient of all annoyance, careless of the form and dignity of the attack, with singularly little thought of self, he clung with a bulldog's gripe to his mighty and scornful antagonist, bent on one thing only—his utter destruction. And in spite of all the chances which seemed against him, he accomplished it. He felt that he had great powers to draw upon, and he went on, never losing hope, and as if he had been conscious that he must make his account for great mistakes, and could afford many reverses and disappointments. His critics were often right; but he was right in what was of more importance—the sum and substance of whole matter. The single determination to overthrow the great and plausible enemy of improvement and freedom was at the bottom of all that he did; and it was a determination at that time adequate to fill any man's mind and to make any man's greatness.

It would have been interesting to have had before us, in a clear way, the real share which Lord Castlereagh had in the war policy

and administration of the period. Of course the whole Cabinet was concerned in them; and as there were many mistakes and much discredit, as well as ultimate success, a biographer of Lord Castlereagh ought to have shown us, with some distinctness, what he was peculiarly responsible for. But it is in vain to seek any such knowledge in Sir A. Alison. His plan seems a simple one—to put down all that was wisely planned and happily executed to Lord Castlereagh, and all failures to his colleagues. We are told, with wearisome reiteration, of his having set on foot "the system of *la grande guerre*"—of his being "gifted beyond any of his contemporaries, except Wellington, with the prophetic eye of genius"—of his "eagle eye and military genius"—of his "paralyzing" first the "right arm" or "right wing," and then the left, and then the centre of Napoleon's intended naval confederacy—of Lord Castlereagh's having, when removed from office in 1809, "succeeded, by his unaided efforts, in securing the independence of his country, and arresting the torrent of Napoleon's victories"—of the "new and resolute mode of warfare, originally conceived by Lord Castlereagh and Sir Charles Stewart, and afterwards executed by Wellington." The result is, that if we are to take Sir A. Alison's account, the only man who knew what to do and who could do it, was Lord Castlereagh; and that Wellington's credit is reduced to that of being an intelligent and energetic agent under Lord Castlereagh. But when Sir A. Alison comes to the miscarriages of the time; expeditions arriving too late for their purpose; armies uselessly employed, or sent abroad with no fixed purpose, generals coming out, day after day, to supersede one another and spoil their predecessor's work, great enterprises undertaken without adequate information—then the fault is all laid on the Cabinet. It was Lord Castlereagh to whom belongs the honour of having sent Sir A. Wellesley to the Peninsula. It is not to him that the folly belongs of sending Sir Hugh Dalrymple and Sir Harry Burrard to take the command out of his hands. The advance of Sir John Moore into Spain reflects the utmost credit on the boldness and prudence of Lord Castlereagh; the disastrous retreat is Sir John Moore's business alone. The Walcheren expedition was the following out of that brilliant policy which had "paralyzed" Napoleon's right wing at Copenhagen and his left at Lisbon and Cadiz, and then aimed a decisive blow at his centre. That it sailed too late, and that it was commanded by such an incapable bungler as Lord Chatham, was no fault of Lord Castlereagh's, and he was in no way responsible for the result. We really believe that Sir A. Alison does the highest injustice to Lord Castlereagh. The impression which we naturally derive from all this confused and foolish panegyric is, that Lord Castlereagh was something on a par with his eulogist. But this is not so. He doubtless saw where Napoleon was vulnerable. He saw the immense importance of keeping up the war in the Peninsula, and of gaining time. He steadily refused to be dazzled by Napoleon's power, and to believe in the possibility of its lasting. He thoroughly appreciated the general he had found in Wellington, and supported him, when once Wellington himself had found the true direction in which to work, with patient and manly confidence. He saw the necessity of a larger and better organization of the army, and the use which could be made of it, and he did his best to improve it. In these points he was beyond most of those who acted with him. But he was more right in his general views than in his way of carrying them out. He was deficient in the power of executing a good design, and of securing the fulfilment of his purpose. Sir A. Alison talks very grandly of the effect which English armies, thrown, as Lord Castlereagh is said to have wished to throw them, into the North of Germany, would have had on the campaigns of Austerlitz, Friedland, and Wagram; but it must be confessed that it is rather a subject of congratulation that they came too late, when we consider that Lord Chatham might have been appointed to command them, and that they might have pushed forward, like Sir John Moore's army, ignorantly and recklessly, into the jaws of fate. Napoleon doubtless was hard hit by the capture of the Danish fleet and the Orders in Council: but they were violent and barbarous measures, unjustifiable in principle, and full of danger and mischief in their consequences. Sir A. Alison extols Lord Castlereagh's sagacity in selecting the Peninsula as the great battle-field, and so "paralyzing the whole left wing" of Napoleon's projected naval armament. But a week before it was determined to attack Junot in Portugal, Sir A. Alison tells us (ii. 245) that Lord Castlereagh was thinking of employing 20,000 men, including the Guards, in an attack upon Boulogne; and when Sir A. Wellesley sailed, he was uncertain whether South America was not to be his object. Lord Castlereagh undoubtedly put the army on a better footing, and provided for the drain upon it caused by Wellington's operations. But when we know the comparatively small number that could be sent out, how indifferently they were provided for a campaign, and how much of the work of the home authorities had to be done by the General himself, it gives an unfairly ridiculous air to the whole subject when Sir A. Alison parades on paper the vast numbers of soldiers which Lord Castlereagh's plans had raised, and the formidable hosts which he had at his disposal to convey in one mass to any part of the Continent. In the Walcheren business, Lord Castlereagh's general plan was undoubtedly a sound one, and, in capable hands, perfectly feasible; and it is certain that he was scandalously treated by his colleagues in the disgraceful intrigue which drove him from office, and on which, as usual, his biographer throws no light. But the expedition was sent out without any clear purpose of



what it was to do, except to destroy the French fleet, and in unaccountable and inexcusable ignorance of the kind of obstacles it would meet with. Lord Castlereagh had not found out the weakness of the French, and did not know the deadly climate of the coast. Far worse than this, his acquiescence in Lord Chatham's appointment, because the King wished it, admits of no justification. Doubtless, if he could have had his choice, he would have appointed the best general he could find; but he did not think himself bound to resign his office rather than consent to entrust the most important expedition which we had yet sent forth to a bad one.

We must defer to another opportunity our remarks on Sir A. Alison's treatment of the later and more important portion of Lord Castlereagh's public life. But we may say at once that it is all of a piece. Sir A. Alison also undertakes to write the life of Sir C. Stewart, who, as Wellington's Adjutant-General during part of the Peninsular War, and afterwards as military commissioner with the Allied armies in Germany and France, played a distinguished part. Sir R. Wilson's volumes have shown us how such a part, though a subordinate one, may be made the subject of a most instructive and valuable narrative. But Sir A. Alison simply seizes the opportunity to rewrite inflated descriptions of the great battles and sieges. The importance of all that Sir C. Stewart did is asserted over and over again in terms of the most absurd exaggeration. He was the man who "took the labouring oar" in the Peninsula. Wellington but "executed" the "plan of warfare originally conceived" by the two brothers, Lord Castlereagh and Sir C. Stewart; and Sir A. Alison is never tired of admiring the dispensation of providence which, whenever a critical moment came in the fortunes of Europe, ordained that of the few persons in whose hands the fate of the world was placed, two should be of the family of Stewart. We have extracts from Sir C. Stewart's letters and books. But of what he actually did we are told but little. The hard work that he had to bring up Bernadotte in time for the battle of Leipsic, is almost the only separate service about which anything is told us, besides certain exploits of personal valour. A humble biographer would probably have done more justice to the career of a brilliant officer somewhat of the Murat stamp. But Sir C. Stewart himself, is sacrificed to the grandeur of the wars in which he was engaged, and is forgotten that Sir A. Alison may enlarge at his leisure upon Albuera or Leipsic.

(To be continued.)

#### BLADES' LIFE OF CAXTON.\*

THIS is a thoroughly good and genuine book. Mr. Blades, who is himself a printer, approaches his subject from a new point of view. Not only has he proved himself to be a worthy successor, by his general literary attainments, of the famous printers of old—such as Aldus, Stephens, and Caxton himself—who combined authorship with the exercise of their craft, but he has in this volume made his art directly illustrative of his subject-matter. He has attempted, with conspicuous success, to throw light upon certain obscure passages of Caxton's history by such a minute examination of his extant typographical works as none but a professional printer could give. In fact, an acquaintance with the actual working detail of a printer's business is absolutely necessary for an accomplished bibliographer. For want of such knowledge, many distinguished book-collectors and antiquaries have committed themselves to extravagant speculations. How much may be learnt from the judicious application of this technical skill Mr. Blades has now shown us very satisfactorily.

The present work has grown up from the small beginning of a mere list of the books printed by Caxton which the author compiled for his own private use. It is a good example of the value and interest which is sure to repay any special research when it is conducted with judgment and perseverance through many years. Mr. Blades, when he came to examine the numerous biographies of the English prototypographer which have been given to the world, discovered that no new facts had been brought to light since the publication of the *Life of Mayster William Caxton*, by the Rev. John Lewis, in 1737. All the more recent memoirs are founded upon that compilation, from which they borrow unblushingly. But many fresh dates and particulars rewarded Mr. Blades' assiduity. Such are, for instance, the will of Robert Large, the mercer, to whom Caxton was apprenticed—extracts from the curious records at Mercers' Hall, in which Caxton appears as a liveryman of the company, as a merchant adventurer, as a negotiator of treaties of commerce with the Duke of Burgundy, and as governor of the British merchants at Bruges—and other facts, derived from the archives of the latter city, where Caxton spent so many years of his life, and from the registers of St. Margaret's, Westminster, the parish in which he died. But of still greater interest are the conclusions at which Mr. Blades arrives with respect to the source from which our first English printer derived his knowledge of the art. Our remarks on this subject must be postponed, however, until we have given a brief summary of Caxton's life as now determined.

Although the town of Caxton, in Cambridgeshire, has been claimed as the printer's birthplace, there is little doubt that there is no authority for the statement. He himself says distinctly, "I was born . . . in Kente, in the Weeld;" and accordingly, an attempt has been made to show that the manor of Causton, in Hadlow, near Tunbridge, belonged to his family. It is true that his name was pronounced Caxton, or Causton; the *s* and *x* being then interchangeable, and an *u* being often introduced after the *a* when the latter letter had its broad sound. But it is by no means necessary that a man bearing the same name as some town or village in the fifteenth century should have been himself born in that place. In fact, Mr. Blades has collected numerous records of contemporary persons named Caxton living not only in Kent, but in London and Norwich. We must be content with knowing, on the best authority, that Caxton was born somewhere in the ill-defined district called the Weald of Kent. The date of his birth is also uncertain. But Mr. Blades finds that he was apprenticed in the year 1438; which makes the commonly admitted date of his birth, 1412, much too early. We assent to the arguments which induce the present author to fix the year 1422-23 as the most probable year of Caxton's birth. Large, his master, was Lord Mayor in 1439-40, and died in the following year. The house in which this famous merchant lived had been first a Jew's synagogue, then a friary, then a nobleman's house; and in Stowe's time it was a wine tavern. It stood at the north end of Old Jewry, and Large was buried in the neighbouring church of St. Olave's in *veteri Judaismo*. The city of Bruges was at that time the seat of government for the scattered dominions of the Duke of Burgundy, and the very centre of commerce for all the neighbouring countries. With this city the chartered company of the Merchants Adventurers of London in particular had extensive dealings. They had special privileges, and maintained an establishment in Bruges, which was called the English Nation. A view of the *Domus Anglorum*, as it still existed in 1641, a *prætorium peramplum*, and a picturesque late Gothic building, is given from the *Flandria Illustrata* as one of the illustrations of the present volume. To Bruges, as it would seem, Caxton was sent about 1441, soon after his master's death; and here he lived for at least thirty-five years, first (we may suppose) as a clerk or apprentice, then as a trader on his own account, and at last as head or governor of the English merchants settled in that city. The fact of his long residence at Bruges is known from his own testimony. Documents preserved by the Mercers' Company and at Bruges prove that from about 1463 to 1471, the future printer occupied the high rank of "Governor beyond the sea" of all British subjects trading with the Low Countries. In this capacity he was brought into close connexion both with many English noblemen, who resorted to Bruges on diplomatic or other errands, and also with the Court of Burgundy. With the Duchess Margaret, wife of Duke Charles, and sister of our Edward IV., he became a great favourite. In 1470 he held some place or office in her household, and it seems to have been her patronage—the "dreadful command" of this "redoubted lady," as he chose to express it—which led him subsequently to devote himself to literature and printing. It was in 1469, as we know from the prologue to the *Recuyell*, that Caxton first began to translate from French into English the most popular romance of the age, *Le Recueil des Histoires de Troye*. Why, however, he resigned his honourable post of Governor of the English Nation at Bruges, and what the office was which he accepted from the duchess, are still matters of doubt. It is not improbable (as Mr. Blades suggests) that Caxton was retained as manager of the private trade in which the duchess may have engaged on her own account. Special privileges and exemptions for her private trading in the English staple of wool were conceded to his sister in 1472 by Edward IV. Still it is perplexing enough to find the holder of so dignified and independent a position accepting a subordinate office about a court; and it seems yet more unintelligible that, after so many years of trading, Caxton should not have made at least a moderate fortune. However, we have nothing better to offer than Mr. Blades' explanation—which is that Caxton's health had been shaken by his diplomatic anxieties, and that as the love of literature and of authorship grew stronger, he was willing to exchange his arduous post for one that promised him greater leisure for his new pursuits. Certain it is that his English translation of the *Romance of Troy* was eagerly welcomed by his countrymen. The demand for copies became so great, that it was impossible to transcribe them sufficiently fast. This seems to have led to his turning his attention to the new invention of printing as a means of multiplying his books; and his success in the experiment induced him to carry his types and presses to London, and to establish himself as the first English printer.

Here Mr. Blades makes a very interesting digression as to the state of literature in the fifteenth century, especially in Flanders. He shows that Bruges, during the thirty-five years of Caxton's residence in it, was the most intellectual capital of Europe, "teeming with authors, scribes, translators, and illuminators," and possessing the finest libraries of the time. We need not enter upon some purely bibliographical disquisitions which follow, except to express our general assent to our author's reasoning. In particular, he calls attention to the great activity that prevailed in the Low Countries in the manufacture of playing-cards and block-books. Mr. Blades is not disposed to deny the latest bibliographical theory, that Lawrence Coster, of Haarlem, who died in 1440, may be fairly credited with the

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He saw the necessity of a larger and better organization of the army, and the use which could be made of it, and he did his best to improve it. In these points he was beyond most of those who acted with him. But he was more right in his general views than in his way of carrying them out. He was deficient in the power of executing a good design, and of securing the fulfilment of his purpose. Sir A. Alison talks very grandly of the effect which English armies, thrown, as Lord Castlereagh is said to have wished to throw them, into the North of Germany, would have had on the campaigns of Austerlitz, Friedland, and Wagram; but it must be confessed that it is rather a subject of congratulation that they came too late, when we consider that Lord Chatham might have been appointed to command them, and that they might have pushed forward, like Sir John Moore's army, ignorantly and recklessly, into the jaws of fate. Napoleon doubtless was hard hit by the capture of the Danish fleet and the Orders in Council; but they were violent and barbarous measures, unjustifiable in principle, and full of danger and mischief in their consequences. Sir A. Alison extols Lord Castlereagh's sagacity in selecting the Peninsula as the great battle-field, and so "paralyzing the whole left wing" of Napoleon's projected naval armament. But a week before it was determined to attack Junot in Portugal, Sir A. Alison tells us (ii. 245) that Lord Castlereagh was thinking of employing 20,000 men, including the Guards, in an attack upon Boulogne; and when Sir A. Wellesley sailed, he was uncertain whether South America was not to be his object. Lord Castlereagh undoubtedly put the army on a better footing, and provided for the drain upon it caused by Wellington's operations. But when we know the comparatively small number that could be sent out, how indifferently they were provided for a campaign, and how much of the work of the home authorities had to be done by the General himself, it gives an unfairly ridiculous air to the whole subject when Sir A. Alison parades on paper the vast numbers of soldiers which Lord Castlereagh's plans had raised, and the formidable hosts which he had at his disposal to convey in one mass to any part of the Continent. In the Walcheren business, Lord Castlereagh's general plan was undoubtedly a sound one, and, in capable hands, perfectly feasible; and it is certain that he was scandalously treated by his colleagues in the disgraceful intrigue which drove him from office, and on which, as usual, his biographer throws no light. But the expedition was sent out without any clear purpose of



what it was to do, except to destroy the French fleet, and in unaccountable and inexcusable ignorance of the kind of obstacles it would meet with. Lord Castlereagh had not found out the weakness of the French, and did not know the deadly climate of the coast. Far worse than this, his acquiescence in Lord Chatham's appointment, because the King wished it, admits of no justification. Doubtless, if he could have had his choice, he would have appointed the best general he could find; but he did not think himself bound to resign his office rather than consent to entrust the most important expedition which we had yet sent forth to a bad one.

We must defer to another opportunity our remarks on Sir A. Alison's treatment of the later and more important portion of Lord Castlereagh's public life. But we may say at once that it is all of a piece. Sir A. Alison also undertakes to write the life of Sir C. Stewart, who, as Wellington's Adjutant-General during part of the Peninsular War, and afterwards as military commissioner with the Allied armies in Germany and France, played a distinguished part. Sir R. Wilson's volumes have shown us how such a part, though a subordinate one, may be made the subject of a most instructive and valuable narrative. But Sir A. Alison simply seizes the opportunity to rewrite inflated descriptions of the great battles and sieges. The importance of all that Sir C. Stewart did is asserted over and over again in terms of the most absurd exaggeration. He was the man who "took the labouring oar" in the Peninsula. Wellington but "executed" the "plan of warfare originally conceived" by the two brothers, Lord Castlereagh and Sir C. Stewart; and Sir A. Alison is never tired of admiring the dispensation of providence which, whenever a critical moment came in the fortunes of Europe, ordained that of the few persons in whose hands the fate of the world was placed, two should be of the family of Stewart. We have extracts from Sir C. Stewart's letters and books. But of what he actually did we are told but little. The hard work that he had to bring up Bernadotte in time for the battle of Leipsic, is almost the only separate service about which anything is told us, besides certain exploits of personal valour. A humble biographer would probably have done more justice to the career of a brilliant officer somewhat of the Murat stamp. But Sir C. Stewart himself, is sacrificed to the grandeur of the wars in which he was engaged, and is forgotten that Sir A. Alison may enlarge at his leisure upon Albuera or Leipsic.

(To be continued.)

#### BLADES' LIFE OF CAXTON.\*

THIS is a thoroughly good and genuine book. Mr. Blades, who is himself a printer, approaches his subject from a new point of view. Not only has he proved himself to be a worthy successor, by his general literary attainments, of the famous printers of old—such as Aldus, Stephens, and Caxton himself—who combined authorship with the exercise of their craft, but he has in this volume made his art directly illustrative of his subject-matter. He has attempted, with conspicuous success, to throw light upon certain obscure passages of Caxton's history by such a minute examination of his extant typographical works as none but a professional printer could give. In fact, an acquaintance with the actual working detail of a printer's business is absolutely necessary for an accomplished bibliographer. For want of such knowledge, many distinguished book-collectors and antiquaries have committed themselves to extravagant speculations. How much may be learnt from the judicious application of this technical skill Mr. Blades has now shown us very satisfactorily.

The present work has grown up from the small beginning of a mere list of the books printed by Caxton which the author compiled for his own private use. It is a good example of the value and interest which is sure to repay any special research when it is conducted with judgment and perseverance through many years. Mr. Blades, when he came to examine the numerous biographies of the English prototypographer which have been given to the world, discovered that no new facts had been brought to light since the publication of the *Life of Mayster Willyam Caxton*, by the Rev. John Lewis, in 1737. All the more recent memoirs are founded upon that compilation, from which they borrow unblushingly. But many fresh dates and particulars rewarded Mr. Blades' assiduity. Such are, for instance, the will of Robert Large, the mercer, to whom Caxton was apprenticed—extracts from the curious records at Mercers' Hall, in which Caxton appears as a liveryman of the company, as a merchant adventurer, as a negotiator of treaties of commerce with the Duke of Burgundy, and as governor of the British merchants at Bruges—and other facts, derived from the archives of the latter city, where Caxton spent so many years of his life, and from the registers of St. Margaret's, Westminster, the parish in which he died. But of still greater interest are the conclusions at which Mr. Blades arrives with respect to the source from which our first English printer derived his knowledge of the art. Our remarks on this subject must be postponed, however, until we have given a brief summary of Caxton's life as now determined.

\* *The Life and Typography of William Caxton, England's first Printer; with Evidence of his Typographical Connexion with Colard Mansion, the Printer at Bruges.* Compiled from Original Sources by William Blades. London: Lilly. 1861.

Although the town of Caxton, in Cambridgeshire, has been claimed as the printer's birthplace, there is little doubt that there is no authority for the statement. He himself says distinctly, "I was born . . . in Kente, in the Weeld;" and accordingly, an attempt has been made to show that the manor of Causton, in Hadlow, near Tunbridge, belonged to his family. It is true that his name was pronounced Cauxton, or Causton; the *s* and *x* being then interchangeable, and an *u* being often introduced after the *e* when the latter letter had its broad sound. But it is by no means necessary that a man bearing the same name as some town or village in the fifteenth century should have been himself born in that place. In fact, Mr. Blades has collected numerous records of contemporary persons named Caxton living not only in Kent, but in London and Norwich. We must be content with knowing, on the best authority, that Caxton was born somewhere in the ill-defined district called the Weald of Kent. The date of his birth is also uncertain. But Mr. Blades finds that he was apprenticed in the year 1438; which makes the commonly admitted date of his birth, 1412, much too early. We assent to the arguments which induce the present author to fix the year 1422-23 as the most probable year of Caxton's birth. Large, his master, was Lord Mayor in 1439-40, and died in the following year. The house in which this famous merchant lived had been first a Jew's synagogue, then a friary, then a nobleman's house; and in Stowe's time it was a wine tavern. It stood at the north end of Old Jewry, and Large was buried in the neighbouring church of St. Olave's in *vetere Judaismo*. The city of Bruges was at that time the seat of government for the scattered dominions of the Duke of Burgundy, and the very centre of commerce for all the neighbouring countries. With this city the chartered company of the Merchants Adventurers of London in particular had extensive dealings. They had special privileges, and maintained an establishment in Bruges, which was called the English Nation. A view of the *Domus Anglorum*, as it still existed in 1641, a *prelorium peramplum*, and a picturesque late Gothic building, is given from the *Flandria Illustrata* as one of the illustrations of the present volume. To Bruges, as it would seem, Caxton was sent about 1441, soon after his master's death; and here he lived for at least thirty-five years, first (we may suppose) as a clerk or apprentice, then as a trader on his own account, and at last as head or governor of the English merchants settled in that city. The fact of his long residence at Bruges is known from his own testimony. Documents preserved by the Mercers' Company and at Bruges prove that from about 1463 to 1471, the future printer occupied the high rank of "Governor beyond the sea" of all British subjects trading with the Low Countries. In this capacity he was brought into close connexion both with many English noblemen, who resorted to Bruges on diplomatic or other errands, and also with the Court of Burgundy. With the Duchess Margaret, wife of Duke Charles, and sister of our Edward IV., he became a great favourite. In 1470 he held some place or office in her household, and it seems to have been her patronage—the "dreadful command" of this "redoubted lady," as he chose to express it—which led him subsequently to devote himself to literature and printing. It was in 1469, as we know from the prologue to the *Recuyell*, that Caxton first began to translate from French into English the most popular romance of the age, *Le Recueil des Histoires de Troye*. Why, however, he resigned his honourable post of Governor of the English Nation at Bruges, and what the office was which he accepted from the duchess, are still matters of doubt. It is not improbable (as Mr. Blades suggests) that Caxton was retained as manager of the private trade in which the duchess may have engaged on her own account. Special privileges and exemptions for her private trading in the English staple of wool were conceded to his sister in 1472 by Edward IV. Still it is perplexing enough to find the holder of so dignified and independent a position accepting a subordinate office about a court; and it seems yet more unintelligible that, after so many years of trading, Caxton should not have made at least a moderate fortune. However, we have nothing better to offer than Mr. Blades' explanation—which is that Caxton's health had been shaken by his diplomatic anxieties, and that as the love of literature and of authorship grew stronger, he was willing to exchange his arduous post for one that promised him greater leisure for his new pursuits. Certain it is that his English translation of the Romance of Troy was eagerly welcomed by his countrymen. The demand for copies became so great, that it was impossible to transcribe them sufficiently fast. This seems to have led to his turning his attention to the new invention of printing as a means of multiplying his books; and his success in the experiment induced him to carry his types and presses to London, and to establish himself as the first English printer.

Here Mr. Blades makes a very interesting digression as to the state of literature in the fifteenth century, especially in Flanders. He shows that Bruges, during the thirty-five years of Caxton's residence in it, was the most intellectual capital of Europe, "teeming with authors, scribes, translators, and illuminators," and possessing the finest libraries of the time. We need not enter upon some purely bibliographical disquisitions which follow, except to express our general assent to our author's reasoning. In particular, he calls attention to the great activity that prevailed in the Low Countries in the manufacture of playing-cards and block-books. Mr. Blades is not disposed to deny the latest bibliographical theory, that Lawrence Coster, of Haarlem, who died in 1440, may be fairly credited with the

earliest use of moveable types. He argues that experiments in the use of moveable types were probably "making about this period in every city where wood engraving and block printing were practised." At Bruges itself, as early as 1454, "prenters" and "letter-snyders" are included among the members of the Guild of St. John the Evangelist, composed of persons engaged in the manufacture of books. But the first printer at Bruges, in the sense in which the word is now used, was undoubtedly the famous Colard Mansion, whose earliest dated book was published in 1476, but who had previously issued other undated works from his press. The archives of Bruges enable us to follow the outline of Mansion's life with some accuracy. He is first noticed, in 1450, as a scribe or copyist. He belonged to the Guild of St. John, which we have already mentioned. About 1471, he set up a printing press in two rooms over the porch of the church of St. Donatus, and there, producing about two books a year, he worked till 1484, when (as it would seem) the expense of printing his beautiful folio of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* ruined him. For he then left Bruges, and his further history is not known. Of course there is a great probability that from this printer, with whom he must have been well acquainted as a fellow-townsmen of Bruges, Caxton should have first learnt the rudiments of his art. But the common account, founded on a vague expression of the inaccurate Wynkyn de Worde, is that our English prototypographer derived his knowledge from Cologne, which would affiliate the English press to the German school of Ulric Zell rather than to that of Flanders. Mr. Blades, however, has proved to demonstration that Caxton was indebted to Colard Mansion for his types and his method of working. The proofs of this position form the most interesting part of the volume before us. First, he shows that Mansion did not derive his knowledge of the art directly or indirectly from the Mentz school. The type, the spacing, and other typographical minutiae are made to show the distinct and independent origin of Mansion's art. The next step is to prove that Caxton followed the special technicalities and peculiarities of Mansion's press. For this purpose Mr. Blades has been at the pains to distinguish all the founts of type which Caxton used, and to discuss at great length the dates of all the books which he printed. His first conclusion from this examination is that Caxton's first book, the *Recuyell*, was printed in 1472, and that the type used for it was identical with that employed by Colard Mansion. In other words, it was printed by Mansion himself. He seems to us to disprove altogether M. Bernard's improbable theory, that the *Recuyell* was printed at Cologne by Ulric Zell. One argument alone would be conclusive. Zell, after 1467, always spaced his lines to an equal length. But the *Recuyell* is not so spaced; and neither Mansion nor Caxton adopted this improvement for many years afterwards. After a careful review of Mr. Blades' arguments, we see no reason to differ from his conclusions. He shows that Caxton, when he came to England in 1476, brought types identical with those used by Mansion himself. He proves also, very ingeniously, that a particular method of working a page containing red ink rubrics at one pull of the press, by first inking the whole with black, next smearing off the black ink from the particular lines that are to be rubricated, and then re-inking them with red by the finger, is peculiar to Mansion and to Caxton working at Bruges under Mansion's tuition. These arguments seem to us quite as trustworthy as those by which the succession of particular schools of art is proved by technicalities of style and method. Here we may quote a passage from Mr. Blades' summary:—

Caxton, having printed at Bruges the *Recuyell* and the *Chess-book*, with types either wholly or in part Mansion's, now employed Mansion to cut and cast him a new fount to the pattern of the large *bâtards* already in use by Mansion, only smaller in size, with the intention of practising the art in England.

Early in 1476 (not, as is generally said, in 1474), Caxton left Bruges, and soon afterwards settled in Westminster. Mr. Blades traces the chronological succession of his various works. The earliest imprint from his press is November, 1477, when he published the *Dietes and Sayings*. For fifteen years he continued, with astonishing industry, translating and printing; and he died (as may be concluded from an entry in the registry of St. Margaret's, Westminster) towards the end of 1491. Of his private character little or nothing is known. He is supposed to have been unmarried, and to have died worth little more than his stock in trade. Mr. Blades concludes his volume with an ample array of authorities, and with a careful reprint of all Caxton's original writings—the prologues, prohemies, and epilogues attached to his translations, and also his *liber ultimus*, added, in continuation, to Higden's *Polychronicon*. A second volume is promised, in which the bibliographical peculiarities of the Caxton press will be thoroughly examined and illustrated. Meanwhile, we may safely say that the instalment of Mr. Blades' work which has been already given to the public is a good example of the masterly and exhaustive treatment of a subject.

#### A HERO IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.\*

WE remember to have read a story in which a quiet Englishman, with literary rather than sporting proclivities, goes to pay a visit at a French château. A train of previous circum-

\* *A Hero in Spite of Himself*. By Captain Mayne Reid. (From the French of Luis de Bellemare.) Three Vols. London: Hurst and Blackett, 1861.

stances had led the host and his family to expect in their guest an adept in every manly sport or game of skill. Accordingly, on the morrow of his arrival, the *Cruiser* of the establishment is led round for his morning ride. His protestations only strengthen the delusion. They are set down as a modest consciousness of power. By some extraordinary luck, the rider contrives to stick to his horse, and returns, without breaking his neck, to receive the congratulations of an admiring circle. One kind of greatness raises the presumption of another. Being so masterly a horseman, Monsieur must handle a gun to perfection. The afternoon must be devoted to shooting. In vain does the victim attempt to escape. He finds himself, with feelings of despair, in his friend's preserves, preparing, with a trembling finger, to pull the trigger. A lucky chance brings hares, rabbits, and red-legged partridges into one line of sight; and when he fires, it is with tremendous effect. But his sufferings do not end with sunset. In the evening, one of the guests remembers that they are honoured with the company of a compatriot of the great Sayers. Would Monsieur object to give them a specimen of his art with the gloves? Another tormentor suggests that Monsieur will exhibit the wonderful stroke at billiards for which he is so famous. Driven to bay, the unhappy man, on whom greatness is thus pertinaciously thrust, does what he can, and, by singular luck, with uniformly brilliant success. When, on the third day, he flies madly from the scene of persecution, he leaves behind him a reputation for mettle and skill second only to that of the Admirable Crichton.

Something like this, as the title implies, is the central idea of this work, adapted by Captain Mayne Reid from the French of Luis de Bellemare. A theological student with most pacific tendencies is carried, by the force of circumstances, into all sorts of extraordinary predicaments. He is brought face to face with serpents and jaguars, and guerilla chieftains more terrible than either. He is fated to become, without knowing how, an officer of dragoons, and a rebel. Although not exactly a poltroon, he is constitutionally timid; and yet he unintentionally does such doughty deeds in the field, that his bravery becomes proverbial, and the post of danger is invariably allotted to him. The scene of his achievements, as well as of the other events recounted in these pages, is laid in Mexico, during the War of Independence early in the present century. We have glimpses of the insurgent leaders, and the Spanish generals opposed to them. Of the former, "the illustrious Morelos" figures largely in these pages. He is deputed to capture the fortified seaport of Acapulco. The ex-student of theology, Don Cornelio Lantejas, follows him to the siege, of which a spirited account is given. It is found impossible to take the place without previously capturing the Isle of Roqueta, from which supplies are introduced. A night-attack on the island is agreed upon, in which Don Cornelio is of course summoned to take part. His adventures, in company with an Indian, Costal by name, are highly exciting. A shot from a Spanish vessel moored off the shore perforates the canoe in which the hero and his party were seated. The two rowers fall overboard and are snapped up by the sharks. The Indian and Don Cornelio manage to get astride of the keel of the capsized boat, and in that position wait to be picked up by their friends. But a storm arises, and no one comes to the rescue. The only chance of life is for the Indian to swim in search of the rest of the attacking party. This he proceeds to do escorted through the waves by two voracious sharks, and with no certain knowledge of the direction in which he was going:—

For a few minutes—long and fearful minutes—he was forced to keep on in this new direction. He began to fancy he was swimming out of the way he should have taken; and was about to turn once more, when an object came before his eyes that prompted him to utter an ejaculation of joy. The moment after he uttered a louder cry, hailing the boats. He had the satisfaction of hearing a response, but as no one saw him through the darkness, it was necessary to continue swimming onwards. By this time the two sharks had closed on each side, and were gliding along so near that only a narrow way was open between them. Costal felt that he had not sufficient strength to make a detour. He kept on, therefore, his heart beating against his ribs, and with his knife firmly held in his grasp, ready to bury the weapon in the throat of the first that should assail him. With the last efforts of his strength he lunged out right and left, by voice and gesture endeavouring to frighten off the two monsters that flanked him, and he proceeded onward in this way like some doomed ship struggling between black masses of rocky breakers. By good fortune his efforts proved successful. The hideous creatures, glaring upon him with glassy eye-balls, were nevertheless frightened by his menacing gestures, and for the moment diverged out of his way. Costal took advantage of this precious moment, and swimming rapidly forwards succeeded in clutching the side of one of the barges. A dozen friendly arms instantly drew him on board.

Poor Don Cornelio, who had managed to cling to the canoe, was eventually picked up, and the enemy being taken by surprise, Acapulco falls.

His next adventure is in the field of battle. The royalist forces are besieging Hunjapam, to the relief of which place he marches under Morelos. In the course of the battle which ensues, Don Cornelio is sent by his superior to demand reinforcements, and off he gallops, lance in hand. In executing this commission, he sees riding towards him a Spanish officer, pistol in hand, and with a countenance red with rage, his eyes fixed on the field of battle. This proves to be one of the royalist generals riding on an errand similar to his own. But Don Cornelio, imagining himself the object of the Spaniard's menaces, and suddenly nerved by despair, makes a furious charge, and pierces his unsuspecting antagonist through the body. This achievement turns the fortune of the day, and the bravery of Don Cornelio in strik-



ing one of those improvised and decisive blows in which he excelled is more than ever applauded. He is selected shortly after, much against his inclination, to carry the threatening message from the insurgent leader to two cut-throat chieftains, who had disgraced the national cause by their excesses. He finds them pleasantly engaged in sacking the residence of a Spanish gentleman. He would have beaten a retreat, but is pursued, caught with a lasso, and brought back to the hall where his captors were holding a drunken debauch. Here, having been previously stripped of the cloak in which his papers and commission were concealed, he is taken for a Spanish spy, and is about to be executed, when his courage suddenly revives, and he makes a speech which strikes terror into the breast of the guerilla ruffians. Being further identified by two of his attendants, he is permitted to depart. The reader will be happy to learn that he is permitted to close his chequered existence in the bosom of the profession of his choice. After the fall of Morelos, he quits the insurgent service, and is at length admitted to holy orders, obtaining the care of the canonry of Tepic, where he could enjoy that tranquil life so much suited to his taste.

There is nothing very new in the conception of Don Cornelio's character, and the predicaments in which he is placed are often broadly farcical. Nor is he, properly speaking, the hero of this story, which must be said to have none in particular, but to exhibit rather the hero-ship in commission. A certain gallant Colonel Raphael Tres Villas, who at first entertains insurgent leanings, but is afterwards converted to royalism by the murder of his father, figures in these pages with equal prominence. He is in love with a beautiful Mexican, and a fierce conflict arises in his breast between love and duty. After misunderstandings sufficiently complicated to reach a third volume, the two antagonistic principles are reconciled, and the lovers are permitted to marry. Costal, an Indian, and the companion of Don Cornelio, in his adventure at Acapulco, is a picturesque character, and an embodiment of aboriginal pride and prejudice. He is an inveterate heathen, and always trying to invoke a water-sprite with a very unpronounceable name, who is to show him where to find gold. A scene in which he goes by night, with a trembling negro, to practise his incantations at a waterfall, will remind the opera-goers of the one in *Dinorah* where Hoel and Corentin go in search of the promised treasure. Whether or not a faithful representative of the Lapotque or Aztec race, he is at all events a convenient peg on which to hang a series of descriptions of the gorgeous scenery of the interior of Mexico.

One of the most graphic sketches in this book is that of the inundation, which is one of the results, in those regions, of the rainy season. A ride for life in the face of the impending deluge is described in the following passage with great spirit:—

Don Raphael had ridden scarcely a mile further when all at once the voices of the night became hushed. The cicadas in the trees, and the crickets under the grass, as if by mutual consent, discontinued their cheerful chirrup; and the breeze, hitherto soft and balmy, was succeeded by puffs of wind exhaling a marshy odour stifling as the breath of some noisome pestilence. This ominous silence was not of long duration. Presently the traveller perceived a hoarse distant roaring, not unlike that of the cataraet he had left behind him; but from a point diametrically opposite—in fact, from a direction towards which he was heading. It was now a struggle between the horseman and the flood, as to which should first reach the hacienda of Las Palmas. The officer slackened his bridle rein. The tinkling rattle of his spurs resounded against the ribs of his horse. The trial of speed had commenced. The plain appeared to glide past him like the current of a river. The bushes and tall palms seemed flying backwards. The inundation was rolling from west to east. The horseman was hastening in the opposite direction. Both must soon come together; but at what place?

At this perilous moment the rider's horse shows symptoms of flagging strength. As Don Raphael loosens the girth of his saddle, he is overtaken by a stranger, who proves a friend in need:—

While Don Raphael hastened to obey his directions, the muleteer took a knife from his belt, and with a quick cut divided the transparent partition between the nostrils of the animal. The blood gushed forth in copious jets, and the horse reared upon his hind legs, and struck forward with his hoofs. A hollow gurgling noise came from his nostrils as the air rushed in through the opening that had been made.

The two horsemen ride on together. They have almost reached their refuge, when they encounter the sweep of the flood, from which, however, they are eventually rescued. It would be absurd to criticise minutely the construction of a story which purports merely to be the framework for a succession of adventures and stirring incidents. There is no plot to unravel and gradually explain itself.

The kaleidoscope is shaken, and our old acquaintances only fall into new postures and new combinations. But, considered merely as a novel of action and adventure, this adaptation of Captain Mayne Reid's is not well pieced together. The narrative is singularly ill-arranged and confused. Events are seldom described in the order of time in which they happen. The reader is generally carried on *per saltum* to a crisis, and then has to go back and retrace his steps through the whole course of events leading up to it. It is a great defect when a novelist makes this practice the rule, and not the exception. Not only does the thread of his story become involved, but the interest which it is designed to awaken is seriously impaired. We must not, however, visit too severely on Captain Mayne Reid what we suppose is the offence of Luis de Bellemare. But we may very fairly charge the former with not always favouring his readers with very idiomatic English. There is an awkward sound about "frondage," and on coming on the word "immobile," we must

confess to an involuntary start. "It is I who am Lantejan," and "she would cause him to cut the hair," are Gallicisms over which a decent mantle of Queen's English ought to have been thrown.

Like other works by the same author, this book is calculated to amuse the young. It is by no means destitute of the elements of popularity among this class of readers. The typical schoolboy does not resent any amount of improbability. His passion is for the exciting and comical in literature. Here is matter with which to gratify both those tastes. The wild life of the forest, with its savage occupants, quadruped and biped, is full of charm for him. He wots much care for the details of the war of independence in Mexico, nor for those renowned leaders Morelos and Galena. But he has been to the Zoological Gardens, and can form a lively notion of the unpleasantness of swinging in a hammock, as poor Don Cornelio Lantejan on one occasion does, between serpents on one side and jaguars on the other. It is a pity that so dainty a dish of reading for the juvenile palate should be sent up, not in the form of a story book, but of the regulation three-volume novel.

#### THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.\*

THESE volumes will interest many who have no professional connexion with their subject-matter. They contain a roll of names, ennobled in many instances by lofty intellect applied to the merciful purposes of cure and healing. The Royal College of Physicians was incorporated by the letters patent of King Henry VIII., in 1518; but its real founder was Thomas Linacre, previously M.D. of Padua and Oxford, who devoted his ample means to its endowment. The College had at first jurisdiction over the faculty only in and within seven miles of London; but by statute a few years afterwards, its powers were enlarged to embrace the profession of physic throughout England, where none save graduates of the Universities were henceforth to practise, unless examined and approved by its officers. It is a remarkable fact that Linacre's house, in Knightrider-street, continued to be the place of meeting for the College until, in 1860, it was pulled down to make room for the new Court of Probate. He and the other earliest members were necessarily ecclesiastics, and some of them held high Church preferment under the Tudor Kings. A large proportion of these fathers of the faculty were learned academics, professors in their Universities, or Heads of Houses therein. Thus, Dr. Clement, besides being tutor in the family of Sir Thomas More, was Wolsey's reader in rhetoric at Oxford, and Greek Professor there. His lectures on those subjects, *teste* Sir Thomas, were attended "auditorio tanto quanto non ante quisquam." So Dr. Caius professed Greek at Padua and lectured at Oxford on Aristotle, besides refounding as a College Gonville Hall. Linacre himself was a model of elegant classicity, although displaying a repugnance for Cicero which contemporary scholars censured. His name has obtained a place in English history in connexion with the early marriage of Prince Arthur, whose physician and tutor he was, besides tending the ailments of Wolsey, Warham the Primate, Fox, Bishop of Winchester, and Bray, Lord High Treasurer. He, further, founded professorships in Oxford and Cambridge, having, however, the limited scope of commenting on Hippocrates and Galen—from a natural subservience to which awful names English medicine, down to the middle of the following century, had not completely emancipated itself.

The learning and usefulness of this venerable corporation did not exempt several of its members from taking their share in the public troubles of each period through which it passed. The Dr. Clement before mentioned left England for Louvain on Edward VI.'s accession, owing to his attachment to the Romish party, and returned under Mary. Dr. Owen, on the contrary, was successively physician to Henry VIII., who enriched him from the spoils of the religious houses, to Edward VI., whose birth he superintended, and to Queen Mary, in whose reign he died. So Caius, our most conspicuous medical luminary in the sixteenth century, was in 1572 in trouble about "popish trumpery—as vestimentes, albes, tunicles, stoles, manicles, corporals clothes, with the pix and sindon and canopies, beside holy water stoppes with sprinkles, pax, sensors, superaltaries, tables of idoles, mass bookes, portuises, and grailles, with other such stuffe, as might have furnished divers massers at one instant;" which were burnt and "defacid" with "willing hartes" by the zealous Protestants among the Cantabs of the period. Astlowe, a zealous adherent of Mary Queen of Scots, "was racked twice almost to death, in the Tower" in connexion with her affairs. Dr. Fryer, also a Romanist, compounded for a certain yearly sum not to come to church. On the other hand, we have a whimsical account of a medical heresy in 1559-60. John Geynes, M.D. of Oxford, was cited before the College for impugning the infallibility of Galen, and received into that body only on a full recantation, confessing "suam non Galeni, culpam fuisse . . . . . diligentius non circumspexisse; Galeni loca exquisitius non contulisse; ejus sensum non indagasse." &c. Of the jealousy with which the College viewed any defection from classical correctness an amusing instance occurs shortly

\* *The Roll of the Royal College of Physicians of London.* Compiled from the Annals of the College, and from other Authentic Sources. By William Munk, M.D., Fellow of the College, &c. &c. London: Longmans. 1861.

afterwards, when Laughton's qualifications for a medical degree, though admitted by the University of Oxford, were successfully impugned by the College, after testing him by calling on him to decline the noun *corpus*. "Respondit, *hic, hæc et hoc corpus, accusativo, corpore*." The College appear about the same time to have similarly plucked one Ludford, a London apothecary and pretender to physic, and to have estopped him from a Cambridge M.D. degree by sending notice to the University authorities. He seems, however, to have carefully improved his Latinity, and to have been admitted shortly afterwards.

The tendencies of a Royal Foundation would naturally be to dispose its members towards the Royalist side in the great Civil War. Yet the right of Physic, as being useful to all, to be neutral, supplied probably a more powerful instinct, save in the cases of some whose office called them to personal contact with Royalty. Such was Baskerville, knighted by Charles I., who "would never take a fee of an orthodox minister under a dean, or of any suffering cavalier." Others, like Bastwick of historical celebrity, who lost, with Prynne, his ears in the pillory—or like Goddard, son of a ship-carpenter at Deptford, deriving, perhaps, his principles from the ranks of the people whence he sprang, who was first physician to Cromwell's army, and was imposed by Cromwellian influence on Merton College as Warden—acquired professional advancement from their party leanings. It seems likely that, unless they thrust themselves thus forward, the party leaders on either side, even when civil animosity was fiercest, were glad to condone in them mere hostile sympathies on the score of the public good which their College promoted. Dynham, in 1639, comes out of the strife with a less fair character than most—having been chief physician to the great Protector, but contriving to "get in with the Royal party" afterwards, "by his friends' report that he, by a dose given to Oliver, hastened him to his end, he was made physician to the King." The great Harvey had a larger share in the hard knocks of this combative period than most of the faculty. Charles committed to him the care of his sons at the battle of Edgehill. "He withdrew with them under a hedge, and took out of his pocket a book, and read." A cannon shot grazed the ground near them—a hint which Harvey had the discretion to take. His lodgings in London were, during the unquiet times which followed, broken into, and he lost his furniture, papers, and the contents of his museum, at the hands of the mob. But he speaks without animosity of the loss sustained, as though ardour for science had absorbed his soul too deeply to feel the keenness of party spirit or of private wrong. He had been Warden of Merton College till the King lost Oxford, when he retired, and Goddard, as before mentioned, succeeded him. His dissection of "Old Parr," who died at the age of 153 in 1635, deserves mention. His character is one of a calm, pure grain, not warped by calumny, nor by the clamour that waits on novel opinions. In unostentatious grandeur of soul he lived down the obloquy with which political enmity and professional rivalry had beset him. A serene tone of religious contemplation warmed the current of his physical speculations, and he shone in private society with the gentle light of high scholarship and chastened courtesy. In him first, English medical science took a large forward stride beyond the old domain of Hippocrates and Galen, on the sure ground of experiment; and the scalpel pioneered his way to enduring fame. It has been remarked that his private practice was far less lucrative than in proportion either to his high patronage or to his profound science. The wonder rather is to find a leader in the van of scientific progress leaving 20,000*l.* behind him. His thirst for truth was too eager to allow him to give up to patients what was meant for all time. An eccentric contrast to him is found in Robert Fludd, 1609, or, as he professed to style himself, "Robertus de Fluctibus," the Rosycrucian. His unconcealed contempt for the grand authority, Galen, and extravagant obtrusiveness of his own startling dogmas, drew on him suspicion and censure, but he eventually became Fellow. His strength lay in his strong turn for experimental chemistry, which was, perhaps, his real passport to that rank.

Wharton, 1650, and Hodges, 1671, claim honourable notice for their stanch adherence to the post of danger amid the panic-stricken citizens in the Great Plague of London. The faculty in general declared a *saue qui peut*, and fled. Whartoff was at one time near running with the rest, but his wavering courage was confirmed, it seems, by a promise of being made the King's physician. He stayed, and lived, and went to Court to claim the honour, but found his Majesty had forgotten him in favour of another, but "would order the heralds to grant him an honourable augmentation to his paternal arms." Thus his zeal, not wholly disinterested, was rewarded with a "canton *or*" in the dexter-quarter, for which the heralds drew from him a fee of 10*l.* Such was Charles II.'s royal road to the discharge of obligations. Hodges stuck to his post with no golden hopes of Court favour, but the city of London recognised his intrepid devotion, and conferred on him a regular stipend. Yet their liberality can hardly have been large—if, indeed, it were not a retainer for current and future services rather than a reward for zeal in one great public crisis—for we find him dying in prison for debt.

Thomas Radcliffe, the founder at Oxford of the library known by his name, and Thomas Sydenham, whose works were among the most valuable contributions of that age to its contents, also adorned this period. Of the latter singularly little is known, considering his great reputation; but he seems to have devoted himself to a research which was based upon and reacted on his practice. He

did for medicine what Bacon did for science in general; but, as a man may in that narrower field, he also made great progress in the application of his own method. He had an eye for symptoms which was to other men's as a microscope might be to his own. His patience was minute and inexhaustible, and he wielded his knowledge in practice with a sagacity like instinct. His own writings carelessly escaped from him rather than were published, but they were the first grand instalment of experimental therapeutics which had been made by one man since the old Ionian Hippocrates; and a society recently formed to republish all the most valuable ancient and modern works on medicine have adopted his name as the best embodiment of their design in collecting these greatest monuments of Æsculapian lore. He seems to have been modest and retiring, and his carelessness of fame has caused a cloud of doubt to rest on his biography which no researches are now able to dispel. He has received, however, the palm of fame in the homage of Continental physic as the hierophant of nature in medicine. He was himself a martyr to gout and stone, and was conspicuous no less as an example of patience in enduring than of beneficence in relieving pain. Yet it seems that the till lately common practice of excessive bleeding may be ascribed to him; and his Life, by Sir H. Hallford, contains one anecdote which reminds us of the Sangrado of *Gil Blas*.

Sir Thomas Browne, although occupying professionally a far less brilliant sphere, yet belongs to a mind of a more highly imaginative order of thought than nearly all whom we have mentioned. Its characteristic consists in the veins of mysticism and of critical sagacity which are found so closely intertwined. Yet he was in one instance, at any rate, guilty of rejecting a new truth as opposed to authority—that, namely, of the motion of the earth. He was, in medical practice, of first-rate provincial celebrity; for, as he evinced that fondness for retirement which marks the meditative disposition so manifest in his works, he seems to have preferred the quiet shades of the cathedral city, Norwich, to the turmoil of the capital. In that city his coffin, changed by the chemical action of his remains into carbonate of lead, as if in direct contempt of his epitaph, which states that the "lead" was, by that precious deposit, "converted into gold," was found in 1840. He left a son, whose epitaph declares him to have been *medici celeberrimi filius patre non indignus*, and who was, on the royal word of Charles II., "as learned as any of the College, and as well bred as any of the Court."

(To be continued.)

#### PICTURES OF OLD ENGLAND.\*

THE crumbs which fall from the historian's table often furnish an agreeable repast for the antiquary and essayist. Episodes, indeed, become the more memorable and interesting for being detached from a narrative unavoidably occupied by the weightier matters of war, legislation, and politics. In this field of research Dr. Pauli has distinguished himself. His *History of England in the Middle Ages*, though perhaps more freighted with details than quite suits English palates, holds a high reputation on the Continent, and is accepted by ourselves as one of the most full and faithful records of our Plantagenet kings.

The progress of England, both in the material and intellectual spheres of action, has been so generally unbroken that it requires no slight effort of memory—and, indeed, of imagination also—for us, seeing her as she is, to represent to ourselves what she was. Her youth betokened a vigorous manhood. Each wave of conquest bore with it new elements of strength. The Saxons renovated Romanised Britain. The Norsemen inspired the Saxons with fresh military ardour and with a spirit of closer cohesion. The Normans, in their turn, breathed new vigour into relaxed Saxonism, and brought it into nearer contact than formerly with the European family of nations. There can scarcely be an idler reproach than that which some French writers bring against us, that we are a conquered people. To our having been four times conquered by races stronger or more civilized than ourselves we owe the ground of the well-earned tribute paid us by the most philosophical of our poets, that—

In every thing we are sprung  
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

The scenes of Dr. Pauli's drama open with St. Thomas Beckett—a story which within a few years has been rendered more familiar and attractive than ever by the learned and picturesque volume of Canon Stanley. The Archbishop's murder—we prefer this term to martyrdom, for St. Thomas of Canterbury was one of the most questionable of saints—was, as Dr. Pauli shows, an event that stirred Europe little less than it stirred England. The prominent feature of the story is, however, not so much Beckett's exaltation as Henry's humiliation. Had the Archbishop died in exile, or on his truckle-bed in his palace at Canterbury, he would have been remembered only as a turbulent priest, who, like his successor Laud, in King James's prophetic words, "had a restless spirit, and could not see when matters were well, but loved to toss and change, and to bring things to a pitch of reformation floating in his own brain." He was singularly unlucky. If the State abhorred, the Church feared and suspected him. His

\* *Pictures of Old England.* By Dr. Reinhold Pauli, Author of "History of Alfred the Great," &c. Translated by E. C. Otté. Cambridge and London: Macmillan and Co. 1861.



brother ecclesiastics, not indifferent themselves to the privileges of their order, implored him to be quiet; even Popes ordered him into "retreat." He was regarded by them, not in the light of a daring pilot in extremity, so much as in that of one who would put out to sea in storms, or even run his vessel aground in fair weather. Neither did the people look upon him as one of their champions. They did not apprehend his aims—they could not forget that the pertinacious Archbishop had once been a gay, not to say a profligate, Chancellor. But all these clouds disappeared as soon as Beckett lay prostrate and bleeding in St. Benedict's Chapel. From that moment he became the representative of the stricken Church and the patron of the oppressed people. The results of the rash and unwarrantable deed of the King's friends are thus described by Dr. Pauli:—

This period was marked by great political disturbances; and King Henry, who had succeeded in maintaining his ground in a truly national manner against the aggressions of an ambitious and haughty priest, now found himself involved in insurrections of the most dangerous character on both sides of the Channel. While his own flesh and blood—his first-born son—was rising in rebellion against him, a papal interdict had announced to the whole world that the chastisement of heaven was impending over his crowned head in vengeance for the crime to which the king himself had given the first impulse. Henry, who hitherto had never been at a loss as to the choice of action, was now thoroughly perplexed, and whether policy or a changed state of feeling actuated him, certain it is, that on the 12th of July, 1174, his people saw him walking bareheaded and barefooted through the streets of Canterbury, on his way to do abject penance within the Cathedral. And what were the fruits yielded by a penance and a submission as humble as that of the Emperor Henry IV. at Canossa? A few days afterwards a messenger knocked at midnight at the King's chamber-door, in his London palace, and brought with him the joyful tidings that, at the very same hour in which the King had left Canterbury, his enemies in the north of the kingdom had been signally defeated in a great battle. Thus, then, forgiveness had been accorded to him, and a new miracle had been wrought.

Dr. Pauli's *Pictures of Old England* form a panorama of her ecclesiastical, civil, commercial and intellectual life, from the time of Henry II. to that of Henry VI. We must pass over some of them, not however without recommending that they be read, marked, and digested, since they invariably convey sound instruction under attractive forms. For example, his picture entitled "Monks and Mendicant Friars" represents the monastic institutions as, at the time, an effective instrument for civilizing the land, besides being a genuine fruit of Christian piety and self-abnegation. They were a timely antidote to the rigour of the feudal system introduced by the Normans, and to the zest for war incident to barbarous ages. "The monasteries," he says, "like the Church in general, were especially efficient in smoothing down those prominent inequalities of rank which had characterized the national institutions of all the German races in their colonizations; and here for the first time the rude power and right of the sword were opposed by mildness and mercy, both in matters of law and administration, and an unwearied perseverance shown to secure a better fate for all who were held in the harsh bonds of slavery." Mr. Spurgeon and Exeter Hall might benefit considerably by Dr. Pauli's picture of the charities and wisdom of the Roman Church at periods when its machinery was neither a political engine nor a superstitious pretence, but an implement for the propagation of peace, of industry, and such learning as was suited to the time.

Nine and twenty knights of fame  
Hung their shields in Branksome Hall;  
Nine and twenty squires of name  
Brought them their steeds to bowser from stall;  
Nine and twenty yeoman tall  
Waited duteous on them all.

Such was the usual household of the Norman lord; and his larder and lands fared accordingly. The one was generally supplied with stolen mutton, and the latter, if it had the luck to escape fires in harvest-time, might yield two combs of rye per acre. Agriculture was the peculiar province of the monks. They drained swamps; they made roads; they imported from the south of Europe its manner of tillage, its cereals, root-crops, and fruit-trees; they repaid the labourer with a portion of the fruits of the soil, they indirectly fostered commerce, while they improved the breed of sheep, and thus in the end rendered the wool-staple of England so important as to suggest to that *preux chevalier* Edward III. a mode of benefiting his realm infinitely more efficacious than his glorious but expensive victories at Crecy and Poitiers. We do not mean it to be understood that Edward III. was in any respect a precursor of Adam Smith. On the contrary, he was a strict Protectionist, and would have doubtless hung the late Sir Robert Peel had circumstances permitted him, on a gallows, like Haman's, fifty cubits high. But, fortunately for trade, his Majesty was addicted to war; and, as even preparations for war lead to deficits in the exchequer, he pondered in his Royal mind how best to obtain the means of satisfying his creditors. "What," he said to himself, "are our principal exports?—Wool and hides. My people send them to Flanders to be there converted into broad cloth and leather. Why should we not weave and curry at home?" On this hint, and inasmuch as the English were then incompetent to such processes, he imported Flemish weavers, and settled them in different parts of this island—much, indeed, to the wrath of his brother Protectionists, who, according to Chaucer, occasionally amused themselves by stoning and otherwise maltreating these foreign manufacturers. *Hinc fortis Etruria crevit*. From this origin have proceeded in due time Manchester, Preston, Paisley, and Bir-

mingham; but, as to the mode by which England became commercial, let the reader consult Dr. Pauli's chapter on "The Hanseatic Steelyard in London."

As, however, some of our readers may not know where to look for the site of this once important commercial house, we will cite a few lines from the volume before us:—

The German, who for the first time goes down the Thames from Westminster towards the busy parts of the city, cannot fail to be struck by the numerous bridges, the many spires and domes which rise through the surrounding smoke and fog, and the interminable succession of busy warehouses which he passes before he reaches the last bridge, whose colossal arches span the river. At this point he is involuntarily reminded, by the sight of one of the quays which lies apart from the others, of the maritime towns of his own country; for here the vast and lofty warehouses are built in the peculiar style which characterises many similar erections in Germany, and adorned, not only with brightly painted green shutters, but with the unwonted accompaniment of a few green trees before them. This is, in fact, a spot in which, from the earliest ages, Germans have dwelt in the very midst of the City of London, and where they continued to hold property till within the last few years; for here stood the ancient factory and emporium of the merchants of the German Hanseatic League, which was known by the name of the Steelyard.

That the learned editor of Gower, or rather the restorer of the text of Gower's *Confessio Amantis—rudis indigestaque moles* until Dr. Pauli revised it—should write a very entertaining account of "Gower and Chaucer" it was reasonable to expect; neither could an editor of these "Two Poets" fail to be well acquainted with the history of "John Wiclif," so important an actor in many of the scenes which Chaucer saw with his own eyes and described with his graphic pen. The account of "the Parliament in the Fourteenth Century" demands and would well repay a notice by itself; and we reluctantly pass over those "Pictures" which treat of the foreign and diplomatic relations of England. "Duke Humphrey of Gloucester," however, requires a few words for himself. Dr. Pauli by no means endorses the opinion that he was the "good Duke Humphrey," or that Cardinal Beaufort was by any means so black as he is painted by Shakspeare and other chroniclers. This nobleman, whose ill-furnished larder has supplied us with a proverb in virtue of which he might be styled "l'Amphitryon, où l'on ne dine pas," was, according to Dr. Pauli, as meddlesome a personage as Marplot himself. While the Regent Bedford was resolutely maintaining in France the interests of his infant nephew, Henry VI., Duke Humphrey, it seems, was doing his utmost in England to embroil the nation with foreign Powers, and to weaken and perplex the government at home. He had the misfortune to ally himself to a woman, Jacqueline of Bavaria, Countess in her own right of Holland and Hainault, who, like Joanna of Naples and Mary of Scotland, had become an object of scandal both at home and abroad. On her account he nearly embroiled England with its ally the Duke of Burgundy, and wholly with the Brabanters and their Duke, the second husband of Jacqueline. He, in spite of his father Henry V.'s will, attempted to constitute himself sole Protector of the Anglican Church and Realm—one only of many sounding titles which he arrogated, although by that will he was merely named President of the Privy Council, and Ranger in general of the Royal Parks. The dissensions which the good duke sowed in England re-acted upon his brother Bedford's administration in France, and by crippling the latter's means of operation indirectly contributed to the successes of Joan d'Arc, the reverses of the English armies, and the eventual loss of our French provinces. The fairest side of Humphrey's character is his patronage of literature, for which he obtained a poetical tribute from Lydgate, and thanks in good Latin prose from T. Livius—a mediæval writer who has been fortunate enough to retain in its just proportions his name, although his elder and far greater namesake is obliged to content himself with the feeble abbreviation of *Livy* in our language, and, still worse, with the really ignominious travesty of *Tite Live* in the French. He gathered around him in his seat at Baynard Castle the few Englishmen who possessed any reputation for learning or science. He was himself a proficient in such classical learning as was then studied, and was acquainted with the great Italian poets then beginning to influence the European mind. He cultivated science also, and sufficiently so to gain among his contemporaries the repute of a sorcerer. His wife Eleanor also unfortunately had a propensity for the black art, and how it fared with her and Dr. Roger Bolingbroke, her tutor in these unlawful studies, is known to every reader of Shakspeare.

We cannot close Dr. Pauli's book without a word of commendation to his translator. Mr. Otté has rendered the original German into perspicuous and agreeable English; and it is altogether a volume which will instruct the commencing, and assist the advanced student of the History of "Old England."

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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TROCHBIDGE, lying in the parish, and within two miles of the Town and Harbour of Girvan. The Property is pleasantly situated in the Valley of the Girvan, and contains about 727 imperial acres of rich arable land. The Farms are let to industrious tenants on Leases, some of which will shortly expire, when a considerable increase of Rent may be confidently looked for. The Lands are well enclosed, subdivided, and sheltered, and are in excellent order.

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So desirable an Estate is seldom in the market; and, whether viewed as a residence or an investment, it will be found well worthy the attention of intending purchasers.

For a plan of the Property, and further particulars, application may be made to Messrs. TODD, MURRAY, and JAMIESON, W.S., Edinburgh, in whose hands are the Titles and Articles of Bond; or to Messrs. MACLEOD and BROWN, Royal Bank, Girvan.

64, Queen-street, Edinburgh, 16th December, 1861.

## UPPINGHAM SCHOOL CHAPEL.

OLD UPPINGHAM COMMITTEE.\*

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An old foundation school, with all its memories, is a thoroughly English power; and it is thoroughly English to find a new and vigorous life engrained on the old stock. Any one educated at Uppingham School, may see this realized; and the present appeal is in behalf of such a union between old and new. For many years a staff of masters formed, and education conducted on a scale which appeared preposterous to ordinary observers. Success has come, and with it new claims and fresh opportunities for good. A larger schoolroom is found necessary, towards building which the Governors have given a grant; but a chapel is still wanting, and is absolutely essential to complete the work now in progress. The old school fondly proud of the change which has made Uppingham the scene of such a work, and wish to mark their feeling of approval by taking part in it: as the time is now come when there seems a chance of realizing the wishes of many of the old scholars.

To every one, therefore, who is alive to the want of sound education, an appeal is now made, in the confident hope that each will avail himself of the opportunity presented of carrying out this great and good work. The proposed site for the Chapel is 2300 ft. of which the sum of £1000 has been already promised by a single friend, Mr. G. E. STREET has been engaged as the School Architect, and Subscriptions are earnestly requested.

B. T. ATLEY, Secretary, Garsely, Newmarket.

Subscriptions are also payable to Captain ROOPER, Treasurer, Uppingham; to the "UPPINGHAM SCHOOL CHAPEL FUND," at the Uppingham Branch of the Stamford, Spalding, and Boston Banking Company; or at Messrs. BARCLAY, BEVAN, and CO., Lombard-street.

\* A Committee has also been organized by the present School.

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